

THE MORAN FAMILY

DETROIT 1749-1949

M. L.

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

● ANTOINE MORAND

b. NEAR TOUR FRANCE

m.

MARIE ISEBEAU de ST. MARTIN

b. ANGOULEME, FRANCE

JACQUES MORAND

b. 1661

QUEBEC

d. 1741

QUEBEC

m.
1684

JACQUETTE AUDET

b. 1687

QUEBEC

d. 1771

QUEBEC

frances

irene

robert
donald
ernest
william
marie

fred t. II.
elizabeth
annette
alfred b. jr.

viola ellen
edward p. jr.
frederick
george huston
john b.
thomps. j.
elizabeth

fred john
satilla
christine
emily
patricia
francis n.

EMORY MORAN
m. laura evans

VALERIE J.
m. ray severson

J. BELL, JR. 1925
m. joyce skelton

SERENA E. 1922
m. edward schmidt

WILLIAM H. 1920

CHARLES V. 1918
m. lorene grove

WILLIAM JOHN
JANE
CATHERINE
CATHERINE
RICHARD
JOHN

VALERIE JUSTICE

CHARLES
AMADEUS
LOUIS

JOSEPHINE
m. frank croul

CHARLES
m. irene hinchman

DURANT

CHARLES

JOSEPHINE

HARRIETT
m. john kirkwood

ALFRED B.
m. ida may schmidt

VIOLA
m. mary beckett

SATILLA
m. edw. hammond

MARIE
m. col. john franklin

FRANCIS
m. julius peter

MARY JOSEPHINE
m. vilena neville

VALERIE E.
1881 - 1906

JUSTINE S.
1883 - 1907

EMMA E.
1884 - 1927

JOHN BELL
b. JULY 27 1885

SERENA
b. MAY 6, 1886

JAMES GRAY
b. 1888

MARIE STANLEY
b. 1890

FRANCIS
b. 1892

CYRIL
b. 1894

WILLIAM
b. 1896

GEORGE
b. 1898

ELIZABETH
b. 1900

FRANCES
b. 1902

VIRGINIA
b. 1904

CHARLES D.
1825 - 1868

m. elizabeth pyer

JULIE V.
1829 - 1861

m. 1849

col. issac boll

ADELINE V.
1834 - 1867

m. 1855

francis h. aubin

JOSEPHINE
1837 - 1855

robert m.

ERED TO

1855 - 1906



MORAN
GENEALOGY

as compiled and edited
by the author

J. BELL MORAN





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The Moran Family



THE AUTHOR

—from a painting by Lawrence Powers

THE
MORAN
FAMILY

200 Years in Detroit

By J. BELL MORAN



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1949

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*Affectionately dedicated to
my children*

Publisher's Note

FORMAL, RATHER than private, publication of this book is due to the insistence of Dr. Milo M. Quaife and ourselves. We felt it should be given wider distribution than was the author's intention when the project was begun.

Mr. Moran wrote the book for his children and their children, as he so charmingly states in his Introduction. He refused to believe with us, that the mass of new material concerning Detroit's past captured into his narrative made the book an important addition to the Americana of Detroit and Michigan.

We argued, too, that his boy's-eye view of Detroit in transition from a City of Homes, in his eighteen-eighties, into Industry's Metropolis when the century turned is the kind of source record from which future historians will gather their information. "And, equally important, it is splendid reading for today," we said.

"But, I'm a novice at writing," quoth J. Bell Moran. "Thank the Angels for that, if that's what you are," we murmured right back at him.

That we won our way is evident. You have the book before you. After reading it, you will realize how generously the author has shared his Moran Family with you.

THE PUBLISHER

Acknowledgment

WHEN I finally decided to proceed with this informal story of the Moran family I called upon my good friend, Dr. Milo M. Quaife, the historian, for assistance. Dates, names of people and places must be correct. There were many gaps in our family history which only a historian of ability could search out, prove and fill in.

Beginning with the information I had secured from Abbe Casgrain in Quebec, Dr. Quaife undertook his search; he worked through the Moran family papers which are now in the Burton Historical Collection in The Public Library of Detroit and other sources to which he had access. Dr. Quaife suggested copious additions to my narrative, urged deletion of hearsay material; advice which I accepted, and from then on until the book was ready to print, acted as my guide and advisor.

Without his kindly advice, constant cooperation and supervision of my work, this book could not have been completed.

J.B.M.

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Introduction

EARLY DATES and much information relating to the Moran family are taken from old records kept in the fire-proof vault of the Basilica at Quebec. About ten years ago I stopped there and was escorted into the vault by Abbe Casgrain, a relative of the Casgrain family of Detroit. The Abbe was very courteous, cooperative and painstaking as he went through the records with me to find information I needed concerning our antecedents. These records reach back over 300 years and are filed in annual order.

During the early years of Quebec, family records were kept safe in the little old Church still standing in the lower city. When the Cathedral or Basilica, as it is known in Quebec, was built a century or more ago, the old records were transferred to its new fire-proof vault.

Claude Charles Moran moved to Detroit over two hundred years ago and as soon as he became established, records of the Moran family were started by the priests of Ste. Anne. The Ste. Anne Parish Register has been maintained continuously since 1704. It is now kept in the Chancellory on Washington Boulevard in Detroit. With but one exception, the Church Register at St. Augustine, Florida, Ste. Anne's is the oldest Catholic Parish Register in Continental United States.

The Cathedral, now known as the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, was built in 1844-1848 at East Jefferson and St. Antoine Streets, a location just about one mile from the old fort. Since the Moran family resided in the Cathedral Parish, its vital records from that time forward are preserved and kept up to date in this beautiful old Church.

Few American cities have undergone such changes of fortune as Detroit has experienced during the two and one-half centuries since it was founded in 1701. For any family

to have lived in one city in the United States for more than 200 years is noteworthy. To me it is quite remarkable that the Moran family has persisted here through civil and economic upheavals; as experienced from the time Claude Charles Moran first came to the then remote wilderness outpost of New France. Its population when he arrived numbered but a few hundred souls. The present day industrial metropolis amounts to almost two million in population. Despite Indian attacks, revolutions, military conquests, conflagrations and changes of government, Claude Charles Moran and his descendants have maintained their homes, reared their families and rooted deeper as generation followed generation on this Michigan soil.

Nearly everyone mentioned in the chapters to follow this introductory note has contributed his part, some being large and some small, to the growth and development of Detroit. I feel that my children, their children and their childrens' children, should be proud of the fact that all are part of this two hundred year saga of a real pioneer family. May the saga lengthen with the growing years.

J. BELL MORAN

Detroit

November 25, 1948

The Moran Family

Family Background

THE ANCESTORS of the present-day Moran family (formerly spelled *Morand* and *Morant*) migrated from France to Canada in the seventeenth century. No attempt has been made to trace the family history in France, although if the necessary research were made much might be learned about the remote past. Jacques Morant, the founder of the family in America, was born in the parish of St. Martin in Angouleme, a city of southwestern France, in 1661. The date of his migration to Canada has not been found, the nearest approach to it being the record of his marriage at Quebec on November 7, 1684 to Jacquette Audet. Jacquette was born in the parish of St. Christopher, diocese of Limoges, France, in 1658. Previous to her union with Jacques Moran she had been the wife of Francis Nicholas. Her marriage with Jacques was solemnized in the old, though still active, Church in the lower town of Quebec.

Jacquette Moran was buried at Quebec July 28, 1717 and Jacques was buried at Charlesbourg on December 24, 1734. They had lived together for one-third of a century when Jacquette died. It had been one of the most troubled and insecure periods in the history of New France. The powerful Iroquois confederacy; always unfriendly and most of the time dangerous to New France through half a dozen generations had been reduced to a peaceful state in 1667 by the Carignan-Salieres Regiment, 1200 strong. Brought from France to America for this particular purpose, their mission was successful. With the coming of peace various officers and soldiers who chose to remain in America were offered

generous grants of land and the privilege of separation here. A large number accepted the offer of the government, and many of these became founders of families notable in the history of Canada and the United States up to the present day. Of more immediate importance, however, was the fact that the accession of hundreds of disciplined soldiers as permanent residents materially increased the strength of the colony and at the same time hastened its growth in population and the development of natural resources.

About the time Jacques Moran claimed his bride the colony was headed once more toward swift and complete ruin. In 1681 Count Frontenac, New France's ablest governor, was called home. Causes for a renewal of warfare with the Iroquois were not lacking, and the incompetent successors of Governor Frontenac proved incapable of controlling the red foe. New France, in fact, had been brought to the brink of ruin by this series of mishaps, when in 1689 an even greater menace loomed from across the ocean.

England of Charles II's time was much smaller and weaker than the contemporary France of Louis XIV, but England was becoming more prosperous. It suited the policy of Charles II to play the contemptible role of pensioner of the French King all the while fishing in Europe's troubled affairs for such incidental commercial and political plunder as might be gained. But the people of England, strongly Protestant in religion and alarmed over the increasing power and ambition of the French King, became actively belligerent. While Charles and his Parliament remained at loggerheads, the popular desire to curb the growing might of France went unheeded. But Charles died in 1685 and in the three ensuing years his less skillful brother, James II, goaded the nation into a second revolution. William of Orange, who had dedicated his life to the task of humbling Louis XIV, landed in England with a small army which the joyous subjects of King James hailed as a

deliverer instead of a foe. James found asylum in France whereupon William and Mary accepted the vacant throne from Parliament and ruled as constitutional monarchs in his stead.

Such was the "glorious" revolution of 1688 in England. It ended for all time any English theory about rule by divine right and established in its stead that supremacy of Parliament which still continues. With monarchs and Parliament once more in harmony, England promptly entered the continental alliance against France, and presently became its most potent member.

The war which began in 1689 lasted until 1697. The peace made at that time was regarded on all sides as little more than a truce which should last only until the disposal of Spain's vast decaying empire could be determined. To this end the rival powers concluded various "partition" treaties looking to the division of Spain's empire between themselves. But the weak and childless monarch of that unhappy realm upset all such plans by leaving a will which bestowed his empire upon the grandson of Louis XIV. The Spanish Empire, should it be declined, was to be offered to Louis's rival monarchs, William and Mary.

Faced by such a dilemma, Louis disowned his "partition" treaties crying "there are no Pyrenees any longer," and introduced his grandson to the royal court as the new King of Spain. Faced by the prospect of such an access of French power the old alliance against Louis was revived, and in 1702 the war of the Spanish Succession, which was to devastate Europe and America for eleven years was begun.

War with the Iroquois already raging, New France was now beset with another one against England and her colonies. The latter, of course, made common cause with the Iroquois, and Canada summoned to her support red allies from the Upper Lakes and the Mississippi Valley. Every Canadian farmhouse became a fortress, its inmates

exposed to constant threat of destruction. The Iroquois carried their ravages to the walls of Montreal. There the horrified townsmen were compelled to gaze in impotent despair upon the spectacle of their relatives and friends subjected to torture and death. The Iroquois themselves suffered scarcely less, and in the eight-year war it is believed one-half of all their warriors were slain.

Only Count Frontenac could save the sorely-beset colony, so in 1689 he was sent back to Canada to begin a second term as Governor which ended with his death in 1698. In 1690 an English fleet appeared before Quebec, while an army sent northward from New England was devastating the Province and capturing Montreal. By a magnificent combination of bluff and fighting, Frontenac defended his capital until the appearance of winter compelled the invaders to depart in haste. Ice in the river would make their escape impossible. Both English and French stirred up and urged their Indian allies to raid the country of the enemy. In this maneuvering the French achieved a wider spread of terrorist success than the English.

To the present day, fearful, horror exciting memories of these French-inspired raids upon the settlers of the New York and New England frontiers lingers vivid in the minds of their descendants; stories about ancestral experience being told again and again to eager-eared children who listen breathlessly; and remember for the edification of the generations yet unborn.

In 1702 the dreary process began again and lasted for eleven terrible years. The alliance against France was victorious at last, and the treaty of Utrecht, entered upon in 1713, registered substantial gains by Britain and her allies, with corresponding losses for France. In North America the Hudson Bay country and Acadia "with her ancient limits" were ceded to England. No less important, the Iroquois were recognized as henceforth subjects of England.

Since Jacquette died in 1717, nearly all of her married life was passed amid the horrors and privations of the warfare, here but inadequately sketched. Yet New France survived, and with it the Moran Family. To Jacquette and her husband several children were born, only the oldest of whom need be noted here. Jean Moran was born in 1685. On February 23, 1705, at the age of twenty, he married Mary Elizabeth Dasilva *dit* Portuguais. French *dit* means "nicknamed", and although other information concerning the background of Pedro Dasilva *dit* Portuguais, father of the bride, is lacking, his "nickname" affords sufficient evidence of his nationality. Pedro was a well-known citizen of Quebec, where he had lived at least since 1686. To him belongs the distinction of being Canada's first mail carrier, and the earliest surviving Canadian postal entry, dated July 10, 1693, is an order to pay him one livre for carrying a package of letters from Montreal to Quebec.

The livre, roughly valued, was the equivalent of twenty cents, from which it may be noted that the complaints of present-day postal workers over the inadequacy of their pay also had basis in the past. Dasilva, of course, could not support a family on the scale of wages this entry implies, and it is a reasonable inference that his postal fee merely augmented income derived from other sources. On December 23, 1705 Intendant Radot formally commissioned him mail-carrier for the colony. His commission, the first of its kind in New France, deserves a place in the family record. In English translation the document is as follows:

It being necessary to the service of the king and the public welfare to establish in this Colony a messenger to carry orders to all the localities of this country where the need arises, and having been informed of the diligence and trustworthiness of Pierre Dasilva *dit* Le Portugais.

We, with the approval of his majesty, have

commissioned and established said Portugais as common messenger to carry the letters of Monsieur the Governor General and ours in the service of the King in the whole expanse of this colony, allowing him to take charge of the delivery of private ones to their address and bring back the answers, and we have charged for the postage of every letter from Quebec to Villemarie ten sols (half pennies) and the same for the return. From Quebec to Trois Rivieres, five sols, and the rest in proportion, depending on the locality where he delivers them, on the condition that we charge him to do his duty promptly and deliver them faithfully to their addresses, that we defend him against any person that should cause trouble and punish those concerned, that we ask all the officers of His Majesty to lend him a strong hand and assistance, and that in case of illness or any obstacles (*impediment*) of said Portugais we send another man in his place to deliver the letters which he is carrying and to bring back the answers if any are presented to him; in witness of which we have attached the seal with our arms and had it countersigned by one of our secretaries in our residence at Quebec, on the 23rd of December 1705.

Signed Raudot¹

Pedro Dasilva died at Quebec in August, 1717 and was succeeded in his position as postman by his son-in-law, Jean Moran. This we learn from the still-surviving commission issued to Jean in 1727. The wording indicates Jean had been serving as postman for the ten years preceding. Evidently this is not the first commission issued to him. The document (in English translation) follows:

It being necessary for the good of the service

and the public welfare to have a messenger on whose integrity and diligence we can rely for the conduct of business from this city to Montreal and being fully informed of the fidelity and diligence with which Jean Moran has acquitted himself for ten past years.

We with the approval of his Majesty have appointed and established and do appoint and establish said Moran Messenger of the King with the profits and exemptions granted by the commissions which have heretofore been accorded him by our predecessors, on condition that he surrender our present commission whenever we shall request it. Ordered done and given at our residence in Quebec the 29th of January, 1727.²

Postman Jean Moran lived on at Quebec until 1754, and Mary Elizabeth, his wife, survived until 1760. They had sixteen children, several of whom died in infancy or early childhood. All these are listed in "Tanguay's Dictionary of French-Canadian Families." Only the following claim our further attention. Mary Elizabeth, born February 16, 1710; Marie Therese, born September 1, 1712; Margaret, born February 26, 1715; Claude Charles, born June 18, 1722.

Mary Elizabeth Moran married Anthony Lafoy at Quebec February 7, 1735. He was a wagonmaker, and a native of the parish of St. Martin d'Angle, diocese of Poitiers, in the Province of Poitiers, France. A daughter, Mary Louisa, born in Quebec in 1745, married Louis Vessiere dit Laferte at Detroit, January 2, 1762; and a son Augustin Laferte, born at Quebec in 1739, married Elizabeth Cosme at Detroit, November 28, 1763. From these two unions sprang a long line of Detroit descendants of Mary Elizabeth (Moran) Lafoy. At the time of her marriage Mary Louisa Vessiere dit Laferte, was living with

her uncle, Claude Charles Moran (*to be presently noted*) on St. Joseph Street in the old town of Detroit.

Margaret Moran married George Tanquerey at Quebec, September 2, 1737. He died prior to 1756 and on May 31 of this year Margaret married (second) John Joseph Hacker, a native of the diocese of Cologne in Germany. She was buried at Quebec six years later, too soon, fortunately, to share the sorry tragedy which Hacker's sad deed at Detroit in 1775 was to bring upon himself and the family of her younger brother, Claude Charles Moran.

Chapter II

Claude Charles Moran

1722 - 1775

THE NEXT step of this unusual narrative by right belongs to Claude Charles, first parent of the Detroit Family, Moran. Though much is known about the character and career of Claude Charles, the fragmentary family records that have survived leave tantalizing gaps in the story. These, it seems, cannot be filled. Claude Charles' parentage and his birth at Quebec in 1722 have been detailed. The story of his tragic death is narrated in the next chapter.

The years of Claude Charles' Quebec boyhood coincide with the longest period of peace New France was to know in the entire second Hundred Years' War between France and England. Peace began with the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 and lasted until France and England again went to war in 1744. Although he was the son and grandson of Canada's pioneer postman, it is believed, Claude Charles grew up without learning to write.

Though he lacked formal schooling, he discloses no lack of industry and business enterprise in his maturity. For some reason now unfathomable a baptismal record of 1776 characterizes him as a laborer. Yet he was the owner of farms and town property and slaves for years before this date, and to the end of his life, which terminated at the early age of fifty-three, he continued to increase his possessions. One clue to his activities during the years of his Detroit residence is afforded by a document among the family papers dated August 22, 1770 whereby Pierre

Dubois of Montreal formally discharged all share in the trading business he had conducted with "Moran, merchant voyageur now living at Detroit." A similar document of April 18, 1771 settles all accounts between Moran and Jacques La Salle, Jr. "for the business they have hitherto conducted at Detroit."

The term "merchant voyageur" implies that Moran engaged in business between Montreal and the Upper Country. The Indian trade was the most important and at the same time the most hazardous business of eighteenth century New France. The words "now living at Detroit" imply that the business had been entered upon before Moran's settlement here, and at the same time they suggest a reason for the migration. In the course of his "merchant" voyaging he quite probably made journeys to Detroit and in so doing established some connection or perceived some attraction which determined him to make Detroit his home.

Two surviving documents afford a possible explanation both of the nature of this attraction and the date of Claude Charles Moran's definite location at Detroit. One of these is a detailed enumeration of the inhabitants of Detroit on September 1, 1750. It listed their wives, sons, slaves, and horses; cattle, chickens and crops. Since the name of Moran is absent from this census it is evident that he had not yet become a Detroit householder.

The other document discloses he was soon to repair this omission, for the Ste. Anne Parish Register records the marriage on September 22, 1751 of Claude Charles to Marie Anne Belleperche. More interesting than the formal church record, however, is the elaborate marriage contract entered into by bride and groom in accordance with the custom of the time. This is preserved among the Moran Family Papers in the Detroit Public Library.

Marie Ann Belleperche had excellent family connections, running back to the founder of Detroit. She was

the daughter of Pierre Belleperche and the granddaughter of Denis Belleperche and Catherine Gertrude Guyon Du Buisson. The latter was a first cousin of Madam Cadillac, wife of the founder of Detroit. Pierre Belleperche, Marie's father, was a gunsmith in Detroit, and was twice married. His first wife was Angelica Esteve dit Lajaunesse, a sister of Surgeon Jean Chapoton, who will enter this story when sequence unfolds. Angelica died in 1733 and on March 20, 1734 Pierre married Mary Ann Campau.

Perusal of the pre-nuptial contract made between this couple discloses the care generally undertaken by parents in French Detroit toward safeguarding the welfare of their children upon marriage. The parents and other relatives and friends of both bride and groom appeared with them before the royal notary, there to sign a detailed document drafted with all the care a lawyer of today could exercise. Provision was made for the respective property rights of the contracting parties until death should dissolve their union. In New France the family was regarded as an entity for whose institution and welfare the parents as well as other relatives of the lovers bore a share of responsibility.

Translated from the original document, which is in French, a transcript in English follows:

Marriage contract, Charles Moran, residing in this fort (Detroit), of the one part; and Pierre Belleperche and Marie Campau, of the other part, residents at Detroit, stipulating for Marie Belleperche, their daughter here present, with her consent and in her name; which parties, in presence of other relatives and friends assembled, that is Pierre Lecompte Labady, trader at the fort, in behalf of the said Charles Moran, and her father and mother, and Nicholas Le Noire, tailor, at present in the fort, in behalf of the said Miss Marie Campau Belleperche.

Have recognized and confessed to have made and agreed together in good faith, the covenants, agreements, promises and conventions contained in these presents for the marriage of the said Charles Moran to said Miss Marie Campau Belleperche: that is to say, the said Pierre Belleperche and his wife have promised and do promise to give the said Miss Marie Belleperche, their daughter, to the said Charles Moran, who promises to take her for his true and lawful wife in the name and right of marriage before our Mother, the Holy Catholic, Apostolic and Roman church, as soon as arrangements, consultations, deliveries will be completed between the said relatives and friends. This to be in effect according to the custom of the country where they reside and especially not conforming to other customs having different dispositions.

The said future husband for the love he bears the said future wife will and does endow her by these presents with the sum of three hundred livres, said dower to be in current money, for her own enjoyment immediately without the necessity of making any demand for it in law.

The survivor will have for his jointure of the future common property, goods, or money, as may be chosen, up to the sum of one hundred and fifty livres, over and above the acquired property.

And in the event of the dissolution of the said future marriage by the decease of the said future husband, it shall be allowed to the said future wife to accept the said joint property or in renouncing it to take back without reserve her dower and jointure as above, her clothes, linen,

jewels, furniture for a room and other things generally needful, everything that she will have acquired during the said future marriage by inheritance, gift, or otherwise; the same to be reciprocal for the said future husband in case of the decease of the said future wife.

And the said future husband and wife take each the other with all rights and interests present or to be acquired by either, by inheritance or otherwise, in consideration of the love and friendship which they bear each other, conforming to these presents as between the living and irrevocable for the survivor, all and several, without reserve or excepting anything.

The above deed of gift to be in case of no children being born or to be born from the said future marriage, or that they die before the age of twenty-five years without leaving any children born in legitimate marriage, for in that case the said deed becomes null and void in effect and as though never having been made: they transfer, the said first dying to the said survivor, his or her heirs, all right to all property, whatever is now in possession, what may be acquired or inherited, of which either may die possessed, for and in the name and use of the said survivor and his or her heirs.

Witnessed:

(Signatures omitted)

(Signatures omitted)

Before we take up the further career of Claude Charles Moran it will be convenient to complete the story of his wife. She brought to the Moran connection the far-flung Campau family line which has figured in the history of Detroit from Cadillac's time to the present. Leonard

Campau, great grandfather of Marie Ann, married Frances Mauger. They lived and died in France, probably at La Rochelle. Their son, Stephen, born in 1638, migrated to Canada and on November 26, 1663 married Catherine Paulo at Montreal. She was also a native of France, having been born in 1646 in the parish of St. Nichols, city of La Rochelle. The couple passed their lives at Montreal, where Stephen followed the mason's trade.

Stephen and Catherine Paulo Campau had fifteen children, born in the years 1664-88. The third child, Michael, was born June 14, 1667. He married Jane Masse, a native of Montreal on January 7, 1696. In the summer of 1707 he moved to Detroit, but later returned to Montreal, where he died in September, 1737. His wife, Jane Masse Campau, was buried at Detroit, September 5, 1764.

Another son of Stephen and Catherine Paulo Campau who migrated to Detroit in the time of Cadillac was Jacques Campau. He was born at Montreal, May 31, 1677 and became a toolsmith. He married Cecilia Catin in 1699 and moved with his family to Detroit in 1708. In 1734 he received from the Governor of Canada a tract of land lying between present Mt. Elliot and Beaufait Avenues, now known as the Meldrum farm, or Private Claim 18. He was buried at Detroit, May 14, 1751.

Marie Ann Campau, daughter of Michael and Jane Masse Campau, was born at Montreal, December 26, 1712. She married Pierre Belleperche at Detroit, March 20, 1734, as has been noted. Their daughter, Marie Ann, became the wife of Claude Charles Moran, great, great, great grandfather of J. Bell Moran, narrator of this story. Marie Ann lived through Detroit's stormy decades from 1739 until 1794, and endured throughout all these years trials and hardships, some of them almost unbelievable. Worst personal trial and with it desolation came in 1775 when her husband was murdered, leaving her with several small

children, one of them a mere infant, to rear. Faith and that courage inherent to motherhood carried her successfully through.

Claude Charles' death left Marie Ann the owner of substantial lands. These lands, substantial in 1775, are today of enormous value. Her holdings if laid out on a map of Detroit today cover the several blocks between St. Antoine and Russell Streets in width fronting on the Detroit River. In depth they were about three miles.

Moran family ties are compact and strong. This is an inherited characteristic as evidenced by the fact that the two eldest sons remained unmarried until after their mother's death. There can be no question about the aid and comfort they were to her in the trying years of her widowhood.

Following the death of Marie Ann in 1794 her Indian slave woman, Josette, was freed by common consent of all the heirs.

Josette was probably the slave whose baptism was recorded in the Ste. Anne Parish Register, May 19, 1766 under the name of "Marie Josette, aged 'about' twenty years."

Marie Ann's husband, Claude Charles Moran, might be called an early prototype of David Harum. Scraps of history and stories which long ago became legend seem to warrant this characterization. He lived in the town of Detroit many years and was characterized as a "bourgeois" or "resident" in various entries to be found in the Parish Register. When his son Joseph was baptised January 14, 1763, the family was living on St. Joseph Street in the old city which was destroyed by fire in 1805. It was from this home that his niece, Marie Louise Lafoy, was married in January, 1762. At sometime between January, 1763 and March 22, 1766, when his son Jacques was born, he removed to his farm east of town.

Before proceeding further with this portion of the family story additional historical and political background will enable the reader to visualize and better understand the Detroit of Claude Charles Moran.

Cadillac founded Detroit as a feudal lord and all land grants made by him to individuals were on the basis of feudal tenure and within the town consisted of very small lots. Outside of town, to the east and west of the Common, grants made by Cadillac and his successors were narrow frontages at the river's edge extending away from the water an average distance of about one and one-half miles, but at a later date increased. These are the land parcels called "ribbon farms" so characteristic of New France. The unit of measure was the arpent, slightly less than one hundred and ninety-three feet in length. The individual farm was usually from two to four arpents (386 to 772 feet) wide and extended inland forty arpents or approximately one and one-half miles. When numerous grants were doubled in depth, among these the Moran farms, some holdings fronted four hundred to over six hundred feet on the river with a depth of almost three miles. The only highway ran along the river bank. Facing the highway and the river stood the farmhouse, and in its rear were the outbuildings and orchards. Behind these lay cultivated fields and woodland. In time all the land fronting the river for a distance of twelve miles or more to east and west of the fort was thus developed, presenting to the view of travelers in boats on the river the aspect of one continuous settlement for a distance of over twenty miles.

Dismissal of Cadillac from Detroit was followed by cancellation, on order by the French King, of the land grants he had made. Then in the 1730's a series of new grants were made on the same feudal basis, the Governor of New France, as agent of the Royal Louis, substituting in place of a local feudal lord or seignior.

The oldest of these grants at Detroit were made in 1734, among them, one to Surgeon Jean Baptiste Chapoton of Fort Pontchartrain on June 18th. We are unable to identify the land thus granted, but there is knowledge that it was such a distance from the fort that he could not "care for the sick according to his duty as Surgeon." Meanwhile a grant of two arpents by forty located much closer to the fort, had been made to Jacques Desmoulins *dit* Philis on July 1, 1734. Philis neglected to fulfill the feudal condition of improving and occupying the land, and the Surgeon had taken it over, not only clearing part of the tract but also building on it a house and barns.

The foregoing was duly recited in a petition to Governor Beauharnois accompanied by the request that the Philis' tract together with an additional two arpents of adjoining frontage be awarded to Chapoton, and on June 18, 1743 his petition was granted.¹ The land conveyed comprised the present Charles Moran farm, or Private Claim 5, lying westward of Hastings Street and the Louis Moran farm, or Private Claim 6, lying east of that thoroughfare.

Surgeon Jean Chapoton, the grantee, was born in the province of Languedoc in southern France in 1684. He studied medicine, then entered the army. In 1719 was sent to Detroit as garrison surgeon of Fort Pontchartrain. Evidently he liked the country and decided to remain in New France. On July 10, 1720 he married Mary Magdelene Esteve, whose father had come with his family from Montreal to Detroit as a soldier in 1707. The bride was but thirteen years of age and before her death in 1753 she bore her husband twenty children. About half of them died in early childhood, enough offspring remained (good fortune their father was a Doctor) to justify the Surgeon's desire for a farm, in order to supplement his professional income.

The Detroit census of 1750 affords the basis for a picture of his farming operations. In that year Doctor Chapoton owned 3 horses, 4 oxen, 13 cows, 2 hogs and 30 chickens, besides 1200 bundles of wheat and 303 bundles of oats. Considerable wealth for those days!

Apart from his duties as garrison surgeon, Doctor Chapoton served the civilian population of the Detroit community for forty years, and for half of this period he conducted his river-front farm. His garrison service terminated about 1752, however, when a successor was appointed. He was now almost seventy, and Detroit's need of another physician was obvious.

Gabriel Legrand, the new surgeon, was a native of Normandy. According to Clarence M. Burton he was "the most titled surgeon in Detroit's history." His mother belonged to the Norman nobility and his father was Viscount of Mortain and a member of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, one of the most coveted military distinctions of France.

Legrand married Mary Magdelene, the fourteenth child of Doctor Chapoton's huge family in 1658. She was aged nineteen. Dr. Chapoton died in early November, 1760. Less than three weeks later Fort Pontchartrain surrendered to an English army led by Major Robert Rogers. The newcomers had their own military surgeon, so Legrand's garrison duties ceased with termination of French rule. He continued to live in Detroit, however, and for some years seems to have served both as notary and civil magistrate.

Mary Magdelene Legrand died, after an illness of some months in 1763.² Although the Legrands were still living on St. Jacques Street in town at the time of her death, they had acquired the ownership of the westerly two arpents of the Chapoton farm.³ Claude Charles Moran, meanwhile, had acquired, as early as 1758, a tract of

three arpents frontage on the south side of the river a short distance below present-day Sandwich, Ontario. On August 25, 1761, he exchanged this land together with its buildings and movable farm property for the two-arpent tract which the Legrands had obtained from Dr. Chapoton. This was Claude Charles' first but not last acquisition of Detroit property. Not too bad for a man who could not write.

Now for a problem which we are unable to solve. The petition of Surgeon Chapoton for the land which was granted him in 1743 clearly states that he had already built a house and barns upon the abandoned Philis portion, which was identical with the present Charles Moran Farm (Private Claim 5). Despite this recorded fact, the document of August 25, 1761, made by the Legrands with Claude Charles Moran, in exchanging properties, indicates there was then no house or barn on it.⁴

Until early in the twentieth century the ancient Moran house built of hewn logs stood facing the river near the southwest corner at Hastings and Woodbridge Streets. The writer remembers it well. Originally the bank of the river was at present Franklin Street, and the house was close to the river and to the road which skirted it. Was it built by Surgeon Chapoton some time in the 1730's, as some local historians have supposed; or by Claude Charles Moran following his removal to the farm in the years between 1763 and 1767?

Whatever the answer may be, another step in the rising fortunes of Claude Charles is recorded in documents dated 1766 and 1773. The first (June 20, 1766) records the division of the estate of Jean Pilet and his wife between the two heirs, Magdelene, wife of Hyacinth Deshetres; and Jean, a minor, of whom Claude Charles Moran had been appointed guardian. To his ward was given land fronting the river two arpents wide and forty

arpents deep. The value stated was 4500 livres. The second (June 12, 1773) records the sale to Moran by Pilet of two arpents by eighty, lying between the farms of Moran and Rivard, "with house, barn, and other outbuildings" for 3000 livres "which Pilet acknowledged to have received from Moran in varying sums at different times. This was the Louis Moran Farm (Private Claim 6) formerly the eastern half of the Chapoton grant of 1743. The western half (Private Claim 5) had been transferred by the Legrands to Moran in 1761 and now the two portions were reunited under Claude Charles' ownership in 1773.

In addition to these four arpents of frontage, now having a depth of eighty arpents,⁵ Claude Charles had another holding of three by forty arpents (which present identity we have not determined). Record is he exchanged with Noel Chauvin on February 18, 1775 for a holding of two and one-quarter by forty arpents on the north side of the river lying between the farm of Rivard and that of Claude Charles Gouin. On the Aaron Greeley map of the Private Claims at Detroit, made in 1810, this farm is shown as the property of Maurice Moran. Today it is known as the Mullet Farm, Private Claim 182. It lies between Rivard and Russell Streets.

Property entails obligations and two of the family documents suggest that Claude Charles was aware of them. The first document, dated February 24, 1768 includes him as one of a group of Detroit citizens who agreed to pay their due proportion of the cost of repairing the Stockade around the town, "as well for the public good as (for) our own protection and common safety."

The other document, dated August 5, 1771, is a promise to pay to the sisters of the Quebec General Hospital 100 minots (or bushels) of wheat, the sum required for the admission of his blind sister, Manon Moran. One-half was to be paid from the harvest of 1771 and the remainder

from that of 1772. A receipt dated July 18, 1773 shows that this obligation was duly discharged.

A family letter written by Therese, sister of Claude Charles Moran, living at Quebec in the summer of 1774 is appropriate conclusion for this chapter. Neither the long years of separation nor the writer's advancing age had dimmed her affection for the loved ones who lived so far away.

Quebec, August 4, 1774

My dear brother,

I received your letter with much pleasure to hear your good news, the first I have received from you. I am in perfect health and have a great desire to live a long time. I pray that God may grant you the same. I am sending you my compliments to your charming family and embrace them with all my heart, especially my sister, your dear wife. I ask you to convey my compliments to my sister Versaille, Yvon and those of the family near you. If you write me when Mr. Carron comes down, send me the news about Versaille. All our family here are in good health, also Manon, thanks to Mademoiselle Ramasay. I have nothing new to relate except that many ships have come which have sold the small provisions at rather high prices, and a great number of Acadian families have arrived to settle in this country. Embracing you, I am with all my heart your very humble

Therese Moran

Widow of LaFleur Sivigny

Cochette and Javette greet you and embrace their aunt and all the children.

Chapter III

The Death of Claude Charles Moran

DISASTER AND ruin for New France prevailed during the mid-century years. Nevertheless Claude Charles Moran was laying the foundation for the competence which his numerous descendants in a later century were to increase and enjoy. It is unusual coincidence that the remarkable consequences which followed in the train of Moran's death in 1775 parallel closely the course of the Nation's misfortune.

In 1740 Prussia's young Frederick II, curiously called "The Great," craving the rich province of Silesia, suddenly invaded the domain of youthful Queen Marie Theresa of Austria. The outraged queen defended herself with all of the resources she could muster. Thus war engulfed the new world again.

As the struggle continued the contestants sought allies with such success that presently all western Europe together with the dominions beyond the seas became involved. In 1739 England and Spain renewed their ancient warfare, chiefly prompted by rival colonial and commercial issues. The ensuing conflict, identified in history by the ridiculous name "War of Jenkins Ear," dragged along for several years. And the war between Austria and Prussia waged on throughout the same period.

Things were going badly for Spain when the "Family Compact" between the thrones of Spain and France afforded pretext for bringing the latter into the war against England, joining the two wars into one in 1744. France and Prussia

were the principal contestants on one side, opposed to England and Austria as the leading opponents on the other.

The Austrian Succession War, as it is known, raged until 1748 when all parties, tired and sorely spent, agreed upon a peace which should serve as a breathing spell while they recruited their strength and sought new allies for a renewal of the conflict.

In Europe war began again in 1756 and raged for seven more years. In North America armies were in motion as early as 1754, and in 1755 several extensive campaigns were launched. Victory inclined strongly to the side of the French until 1758 when a series of British triumphs began and continued until all Canada was surrendered to England. The peace, concluded in 1763, gained for the British; Louisiana east of the Mississippi and Spanish Florida, on the Gulf Coast.

These were years of repeated disasters for New France and Detroit. Upon the surrender of Canada at Montreal in September, 1760 General Amherst dispatched Major Robert Rogers with a force of rangers and regular soldiers to receive the surrender of Detroit and the other posts of the western country. The transfer was effected on November 29, 1760 at Detroit, whose residents then became subjects of the King of England.

A new and terrible war loomed almost immediately over the western country. The Indian tribes became dissatisfied with the administration of the English and in the spring of 1763 they rose in revolt against the newcomers. All of the frontier army posts save three—Niagara, Pitt and Detroit—were quickly captured and hundreds of settlers along the Ohio frontier were slaughtered.

At Detroit, where Pontiac led the red warriors, the most celebrated Indian siege in American history was staged, and for many months it was an open question whether the British could hold the town. The French

settlers, meanwhile, were in a difficult and anomolous situation. Legally they were British subjects, but against their will, by the circumstances of battle. These French had no reason for loving their recent conquerors, and viewed the prospect of Detroit's capture by the savages with indifference. Between the besieged British garrison and the attacking warriors of Pontiac they quietly chose and assumed the difficult role of neutral onlookers, although the struggle involved both their present safety and their future national allegiance.

The war ended after two years of turmoil, in the defeat of the red man and the establishment of complete British authority throughout conquered New France. The British Ministry, however, had no clear idea about how the country was to be governed.

The royal proclamation of October, 1763, hastily drawn and tinkered over by various officials, set up the entire western country as an Indian preserve, from which white settlers were to be excluded. The officials in distant London who drafted the proclamation blandly ignored the fact that numerous French communities already existed in the western country, some of them being over half a century old. There could be no thought of removing the population to new homes within the limits of the established colonies, and from the beginning of British rule in 1760 until the enactment of the Quebec Act in 1774, Detroit, in common with all the western country, was deprived of the blessings of civil government; consequently subject to the harsh rule of the Army.

Was there or was there not deliberate intention on the part of the British government to tyrannize a subject population? For after all the Acadians can not be laughed off. But there certainly was a vast deal of ignorance, inefficiency and neglect resulting in what seemed tyranny to the French settlers. The Quebec Act made provision for the establish-

ment of civil government at Detroit, Mackinac, Vincennes, and the Illinois country with a lieutenant-governor as chief executive and with a local judge, sheriff, and assessor. However, the American Revolution was at hand and the turmoil thus caused prevented realization of this program. Lieutenant Governor Henry Hamilton arrived alone at Detroit, after long delay, to begin an administration which still remains odious in local memory. Although he was made a commissioner of peace, with authority to send criminals down to Montreal for trial, the confusion of war time and the distance of Detroit from the seat of government—an arduous two months' journey under favorable circumstances and much of the year impossible—made such relief of but slight service to the Detroit community.

From the time of the English conquest in 1760 the garrison commanders, upon whom the responsibility of preserving the peace rested, devoted more or less of their time to the affairs of the civil population. In the absence of any other official they even performed marriages. With more or less wisdom and justice, depending upon the circumstances of the case and the character of the commander, they adjudicated civil disputes, restrained and otherwise punished criminals. Such extra-military functions were both irksome and time-consuming, and for solution it soon occurred to the commandant to confer his *de facto* authority upon another who should exercise it in his stead.

Notorious in Detroit annals is the career of the pseudo-Magistrate Philip Dejean. A native of France and a resident of Montreal, he migrated to Detroit about the year 1768, having fled, according to one statement, from bankruptcy in the former city. However this may be, he enjoyed the favor of Captain George Turnbull, Detroit commandant, and he soon began a career as notary and local judge, although these offices had no legal existence. At the time Governor Hamilton appeared on the local scene, Dejean

had been functioning for half a dozen years, gaining in nerve and hardihood as the years passed. Hamilton found him a convenient tool and permitted him to continue his high-handed career, for which Hamilton himself must bear a heavy burden of responsibility.

Every family of any considerable antiquity contains its share of black sheep whose misdeeds are often carefully excluded from the pages of the family history. There is one in the Moran family.

In 1775 Claude Charles was fifty-three years old, the owner of one of the choicest farms on the Detroit River, a prominent citizen, and the head of a family whose members ranged from twenty years to an infant son of a few months. Suddenly, on December 9th of this year, his busy life ended. He was stabbed to death by his own brother-in-law, John Joseph Hacker.

In the Ste. Anne Parish Register one still may read this mournful contemporary record of the killing:

In the year of our Lord Jesus Christ, 1775, December 11, we have buried the body of Charles Moran, living on his land situated on the North East (of Detroit) who died on the ninth instant from several knife wounds received treacherously at the hands of a man named Hacker, and with circumstances which were horrible on the part of the assassin. He was the son of the late Jean Morand and of Elizabeth Provencal in legitimate marriage, bourgeois of Quebec City, living there in the parish of the Holy Family, Jesus, Mary and Joseph—the husband of Marie Anne Belleperche, he was aged about fifty years. The said interest in the presence of Charles Moran, his son, of Mr. Pouget, his brother-in-law, and of several other relatives and friends, of whom the most part have signed with us.

Wholly apart from its influence on the family history and fortunes the rash deed shook Detroit to its foundations and produced repercussions which concerned the highest officials of Canada.

We have no knowledge of the motive for the murder, or what defense if any, Hacker made for his deed. That it was committed at three o'clock in the morning, however, when taken in conjunction with the priest's comment that Hacker's conduct was "horrible" suggests that the crime was one of more than ordinary brutality. If the murderer counted upon the sorry absence of the agencies of civil government, he miscalculated for he was promptly tried and sentenced to death by pseudo-justice-of-the-peace Dejean. Before the close of the month in which he slew his victim he was publicly hung on the Detroit Common in the presence of a guard of soldiers from the garrison. As far as we know he was the first civilian to be publicly executed in Detroit.

Even John Dodge, himself of infamous memory, bitter enemy and frequent critic of Lieutenant Governor Hamilton, conceded that Hacker deserved his punishment. "But how," Dodge continued, "dared Lieutenant Governor Hamilton and an infamous judge of his own making take upon themselves to try and execute (him) without authority?" It was a pertinent question. Although local Detroit sentiment seems to have approved the execution of Hacker, the action posed a problem of deepest concern to the entire community. Even undoubted criminals are and were entitled to the safeguards of person and liberty which the British law provided, and their denial imperiled the safety of every citizen, however upright he might be.

For the moment, however, Dejean and Hamilton incurred no public protest over the punishment of Hacker. That determined protest, accumulating in the breasts of the citizens, was soon to be revealed, and what had been sim-

mering opposition to the high-handed regime of Hamilton and his pseudo-justice would boil over with the case of Jean Coutencineau.

The summer of 1774 was marked by a number of petty burglaries at Detroit. Two of the persons implicated in them were Coutencineau, a Canadian of humble station, and Ann Wiley, a negro slave. In the autumn Dejean instituted a hearing and took testimony concerning the offenses charged. For some reason the matter was allowed to lag until the spring of 1776 when a jury of twelve Detroit citizens was assembled, apparently without legal authority to try Coutencineau and the negress on charges of arson and theft.

They were acquitted on the first charge but convicted of the second; whereupon Dejean sentenced them to be "hanged, hanged, hanged and strangled until you are dead" on the Public Common on March 25. Since no one willing to serve as executioner of Coutencineau and Ann Wiley could be found, Dejean offered to pardon the slave woman on condition she serve as hangman of her companion in crime. "Moved as well from the dread of death as hopes of release and Pardon" she consented, and on the day appointed the Detroit Common witnessed the degrading spectacle of the Frenchman being done to death by the slave woman.

John Dodge, pursuing his private feud, visited Quebec and there reported to the authorities the strange doings at Detroit. He even advertised them in London in Volume VI of *Almon's Remembrancer*, "I mentioned (the proceedings) to Judge Lewis and to Mr. Monk, the attorney general," he stated. "They were very much surprised . . . and said Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton and his Judge Philip Dejean were both liable to be prosecuted for murder. I beg you may make these things known in England, that we may be freed from usurpation, tyranny and oppression."¹

Of more direct effect was the action of four Detroit

citizens who in the summer of 1778 complained to the grand jury at Montreal of the illegal proceedings of Hamilton and Dejean, praying for their trial and punishment. A nine-page indictment of the two officials promptly followed, wherein their misdeeds were recited in ponderous legal phraseology. Concerning Hacker, the jury found that Dejean had "wickedly and maliciously" caused him to be apprehended and charged with the murder of Moran; and "that he the said Philip Dejean by himself or otherwise having heard and examined the said charge, by him the said Philip Dejean so illegally made and heard, he the said Philip Dejean did illegally proceed at the time and place aforesaid to pass and pronounce sentence of death upon the said (Hacker)" with the result that he "was then and there at Detroit . . . feloniously killed executed murdered and executed."

Slight difference did all this make to Hacker, who, in any event, was slated for execution—legal or not. But the sense of justice inherent in Britons had been outraged; the erring officials must be taught that even in remote Detroit the rights of Englishmen could not be violated with impunity. As for humble Jean Coutencineau, he was afforded the cold comfort of a post-mortem hearing before the British ministry.

With civil war and revolution raging in America, the Government decided that reasons of state compelled it to refrain from pressing the charges against Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton. Instead, the judges who presided at the opening session of the Supreme Court of Montreal in March, 1779 replied to the Grand Jurors' presentment that the Governor of Quebec had taken their complaint into consideration, and while the welfare of the King's service at Detroit made it impracticable for him to investigate the charges he had "taken such steps as will for the future infallibly prevent the evils complained of" and had

directed Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton to prevent Dejean from continuing to exercise the judicial authority he had assumed.

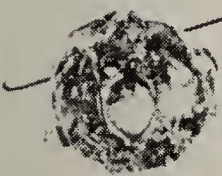
Although the Government had acknowledged its concern and desire for the abatement of evils complained of at Detroit the matter had already been effectively stopped in another manner. During the autumn of 1778 Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton had launched his expedition for the recovery of Vincennes and the Illinois towns from the "rebel" invader, George Rogers Clark. Terrified over the prospect of impending ruin, Dejean had followed his patron to Vincennes in hope of securing from Hamilton a written authorization of his exercise of judicial authority. But Dejean had sensed approaching doom too late. On February 25, 1779, less than a week before the pronouncement of the judges at Montreal, Clark had captured Vincennes and started Hamilton and Dejean, under heavy guard, toward Williamsburg, Virginia, for imprisonment.

To Virginia, also, went John Dodge, still intent upon revenging the wrongs he had suffered at Detroit. So impressed were the Virginia authorities by his story that Hamilton and Dejean, along with one or two others, were denied the treatment accorded to honorable prisoners of war and consigned to a dungeon at Williamsburg. This mistreatment roused the concern of George Rogers Clark, to whom Hamilton had surrendered as a prisoner of war. Clark felt his own honor involved in this subsequent abuse of his conquered foeman and disregard of the surrender terms agreed upon. It also engaged the serious attention of George Washington, who quite understandably feared the effect of such procedure upon European public opinion. It remains one of the oddities of history that the atrocity Hamilton and his companions suffered at Williamsburg was inflicted by command of the great philosopher and pacifist, Governor Thomas Jefferson.

de payer les huit dixies de rente et quatre folli
de fene en pelletier au prix du Detroit jusqu'à
ce qu'il y ait une monnoye pourante de l'Etat
Reservans au Roy son la d: habitation
Tous les bois sont sa Majeste aura besoin pour
Charpente et construction de Bâtimens et forte

Nous avons signé et ord. presenté, J'elles fait
Contresigné par notre secrétaire en son lieu
apposé les cachets de nos armoir. fait
à Paris le 10. d'octobre 1751.

Beauharnois Receveur



Par Monseigneur
Chamart



Par Monseigneur
D'Orléans

au n. 7^{me} prochain pour continuer d'année en année
Donné au Detroit le 15. fev. 1751.

Le Roy / L'Orléans subdélégué de
Monseigneur d'Orléans

Vu le contrat cy dessus selon L'ordre de son Commandant
au Detroit le 20. Decembre 1770

L. Dijonnotaire

Enregistré au Greffe du Detroit le 15. Avril 1775

Folio: 305. 306. 307. & 308.

L. Dijonnotaire & Greffier

FRENCH LAND GRANT

Signed by Beauharnois to Private Claim 5 Acquired by Claude Charles Moran
from Surgeon Chapoton August 25, 1761

KNOW IT

having lodged in the

having lodged in the _____
General Land Office
 a Certificate of the Register of the Land Office at Detroit, whereby it appears that the said *Charles*
 _____ is confirmed by virtue of an act of Congress, entitled "An act

claim to a certain tract of Land, containing five hundred and thirty
acres, situate On the border of the Detroit River, bounded and described as
follows, to wit: Beginning at a post standing on the border of the Detroit River, between this tract as a post confirmed to Andrew
Beebe; thence North thirty one degrees West two hundred and thirty two chains, forty one links to a post thence North sixty one degrees
East two chains eighty four links to a post the southern corner of a tract confirmed to Louis Moran; thence South twenty one degrees East
two hundred and thirty two chains forty one links to a post standing on the border of the Detroit River; thence along the border of said
River South sixty one degrees West two chains eighty four links to the place of beginning.

[illegible]

Charles McLean
 Rights granted by the United States, unto the said *Charles McLean*
 the tract or parcel of Land above described; ~~Do~~ *have* and to hold the said tract or parcel of Land, with
Charles McLean *his* heirs and assigns forever.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have caused these Letters to be made PATENT, and the seal of the *hon^{ble} Lord of the Treasury* to be hereunto affixed.

GIVEN under my hand at the City of Washington, the *Eighteenth* — day of *November* in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and *eighty three* and of the Independence of the United States of America, the *Twenty third* —

BY THE PRESIDENT,
Recorded Vol. 3, page 547
Josiah Hoops *Secretary of the General Land Office*
Josiah Hoops

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT TITLE DEED

Signed by President Monroe Confirming to Charles Moran Ownership of the
"Charles Moran Farm"

Hamilton was finally freed and restored to public office, but he never returned to Detroit. He died a few years later while serving as Governor of Bermuda. Dejean, too, died "beyond seas," where and under what circumstances no one knows. In this web of circumstances the crimes committed at Detroit by John Joseph Hacker, murderer, and Jean Coutencineau, thief, were woven into the history of the British Empire and the new United States.

Mistreatment of the citizenry of Detroit practically ceased as a result of the exposures we have but briefly chronicled. Regular courts were established in Detroit July 24, 1788, at which time several judicial districts were created by the Canadian council. Detroit was included in the District of Hesse with William Dunmore Powell the first judge. One year later Courts of Common Pleas were set up with their jurisdiction being well defined and without appeal privileges except in the case of the governors and councils. While these were probably intended to be the "People's Courts" it is interesting to note that only the wealthier citizens were made judges. They banished, whipped and imprisoned at their pleasure. The first session of the new court (Common Pleas) was held in December, 1788, with Louis Beaufait as chief justice, Charles Girardin, Patrick McNiff, James May and Nathaniel Williams acting as associate justices.

There was still a real lack of properly constituted courts and always uncertainty about their action, a condition which continued right up to the time of surrender of Detroit. Indicative of this, Major Smith of the Fifth Regiment in command at Detroit April 30, 1792, wrote as follows: "It is strange that a man, for petty misdemeanors, shall be confined, and his property sold and confiscated for debt, when another shall commit the crime of murder, rape, and robbing with impunity."

Chapter IV

Charles Moran 1755 - 1815

TEN CHILDREN were born to Claude Charles Moran and Marie Ann Belleperche in the years from 1755 to 1775. Two died in childhood (James, born March 22, 1766 and Peter Philip, born January 10, 1772) while eight grew to maturity and in turn founded families. Their names and birthdates are as follows:

Charles, born March 29, 1755
Louis, born August 13, 1757
Marie Suzanne, born July 19, 1760
Joseph, born January 14, 1763
Martha, born May 1, 1767
Marie Louisa, born February 7, 1769
Teresa, born July 5, 1770
Maurice, born July 23, 1775

As the compiler of this history is directly descended from Charles, the oldest son, and from his son Charles, the information concerning this branch of the family line is much more complete than for the other branches.

Claude Charles Moran's Farm No. 5 on the McNiff Plan of Settlements was only a few farms distant from those of the Campeau Family (*Campau*) on what is now Jefferson Avenue. It is not surprising, therefore, that the children of Claude Charles and those of the Campeau's grew up as playmates and that some of them upon reaching maturity were married. It was thus with Louis who married Catherine Campeau; Marie Suzanne who married Francis Campeau; and Teresa who became the wife of Louis Campeau. The fact that both families attended Ste. Anne's Church was an equally important factor in bringing the two families

together. The three marriages have resulted in establishing relationships still proudly recognized by both families in Detroit.

Record is incomplete concerning Martha. That she was married is certain; however, to whom, when and where if included here would merely serve to confuse some later researcher. Joseph, Claude Charles' fourth child, married Catherine Boyce, about whose family we know very little. Marie Louise married a Detroiter, Seraphim Lauzon. Maurice, youngest child of Charles, married into the Meloche family, one whose name still persists on both sides of the Detroit River.

It was not until the next generation that young Morans began to meet and some of them marry into families from distant places.

Charles Moran was twenty years of age when his father was murdered and as the eldest member of the family he succeeded to the responsibilities Claude Charles had borne. The American Revolution had begun and as a matter of course Detroit was the principal center of British authority and military activity in the western country. The population was overwhelmingly French, of course, and while the settlers were for the most part passively loyal to Great Britain, they were indifferent to the quarrel between the king and his rebellious subjects along the Atlantic seaboard, whose issues they but dimly understood.

Notwithstanding his youthfulness Charles Moran was early made the spokesman of his countrymen in their dealings with the British authorities. Precisely when he was appointed captain of one of Detroit's six militia companies is not entirely clear. A report of Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton made September 5, 1778 when he was straining every energy to prepare for the expedition about to be launched for the recovery of Vincennes and the Illinois country, shows that he "broke" almost all the militia cap-

tains, whether for incompetence or disloyalty, and one of the new appointments made at this time was Charles Moran. There is excellent reason to believe that he had been serving as militia captain for some time before this. One of the documents preserved among the Charles Moran Papers is a return of Captain Moran's company for February 8, 1778. Another document in French is an order of Hamilton, dated August 23, 1777. It translates as follows:

"Strangers who arrive (from any country whatsoever) in this settlement are to be reported immediately to the Captain of Militia by those at whose house they are staying, and the Captain of Militia will report the same (within twelve hours) to the Lieutenant-Governor, under penalty of fine."

Another interesting document which shows the role of the militia captains in executing the measures of the government is an order of May 22, 1779, addressed to Captain Moran by Captain Richard B. Lernoult, Commandant of Detroit. It follows:¹

"As Captain Lernoult has given the inhabitants the time necessary for the cultivation and seeding of their farms, he now awaits the exertions of the captains of militia to furnish the means to expedite the King's service, in accordance with orders which they will receive from time to time on the subject, and they will make reports of those persons who oppose such orders."

This order, it will be noted, was issued but three months after the capture of Hamilton's army by George Rogers Clark at Vincennes. In consequence of this disaster Clark planned, and the British feared, an early attack by the rebel leader upon Detroit itself. Aware of the impossibility of defending the old fort against such an onslaught, Cap-

tain Lernoult bent every energy to the erection of a new one (subsequently named Fort Lernoult) on the hill across the Savoyard Creek from the town. Obviously it was the quick need for the erection of Fort Lernoult to which the present order referred.

1146132

A Fox Indian tribe camped on this hill in 1712. The Indians were pushed aside by the settlement's expansion. The French were farmers and truck gardeners in the main, and their need for close-by garden grounds brought this about. Disastrous fire then destroyed the town—again a rearrangement of land use. Then Captain Lernoult took the space and erected his new fort. When the land had served its purpose as a position from which to defend the settlement, other buildings occupied the site. Some fifty years later the Detroit Female Academy replaced these, and afterwards the Moffatt Building, several stories tall, took the place of the school. Upon its demolition in 1926, deep excavations were made, foundations laid, and the Penobscot Tower was erected upon them. Coincidence is that this book's compiler, a great grandson of Captain Moran, occupies an office high up in this tower, modern Detroit's tallest building, that stands on the very site of old Fort Lernoult, which replaced the Indian camp.

In January, 1784, Captain Moran received an order from Gregor McGregor to build "immediately" a road the width of a cariole over the ice from Captain Lamothe's place as far as Cardinall's. He was also to send "10 carts daily until further notice," to haul wood for the garrison. The names of nine of the unfortunates ordered upon this service are written on the back of the documents. What they thought about it is perhaps suggested by another order by McGregor to Captain Moran issued ten years later (September 3, 1794). "The adjutant has just reported," it recites, "that the men of Captain Moran's company on duty yesterday went away in the evening without orders,

and they have not returned today. Captain Moran will please send eight of these men to the Lieutenant tomorrow at six o'clock to learn where they are to be employed."

Complaint against governmental exactions is no new thing, and the settlers of French Detroit had their full share of grievances. A document (undated) addressed to Charles Moran by the settlers lists several of them, evidently written to him in the hope that he would be instrumental in remedying conditions and in relieving their burdens. The list follows:

1. There should be only one measure in use for the half minot.²
2. The owner of one arpent should not be required to work on the public road as much as owners having several arpents.
3. So many people are leaving the country that there is difficulty in keeping up the roads, some being private roads.
4. We should feel obliged if there could be some regulation for the use of the mill and the water rights, that is if there could be some regular charge, and also for fencing, that each may do his part.

In September, 1796, when Secretary Winthrop Sargent was organizing the local agencies of American government at Detroit, Charles declined to serve longer as captain of militia and Anthony Beaubien was given the vacant command. Although he was still a comparatively young man, Beaubien seems to have taken no part in public life during the American period. That he felt unable to adjust himself to the breezy ways of the new regime can only be surmised. Of a fiercely proud family, it is probable this surmise is fact.

In concluding this chapter concerning Charles Moran's career it is pleasant to record an old-age story related by James V. S. Ryley who came from New York to Detroit

in 1781 to engage in the Indian trade. An Indian war-party had returned from a foray upon the settlers south of the Ohio. The Indians brought with them a bag of scalps and several prisoners. Among the prisoners was a boy, whom his captors decided to burn at the stake. Ryley and his friend, Charles Moran, determined to rescue the boy and offered an ample supply of goods for him. The Indians refused the offer, so Ryley and Moran decided to try a firewater party. Equipped with a keg of potent spirits, they visited the Indian camp. True to expectation, the Indians couldn't resist the temptation. They drank their fill. After the entire band of red warriors had become gloriously drunk, Ryley and Moran carried the captive boy away and secreted him in a house until the Indians abandoned the search for him.

Later the boy was sent to his home in the States, where he arrived safely. Decades passed; the rescuers had forgotten his name; he, in turn, had forgotten those of his benefactors. Judge Ryley, many years later, chanced to relate the story to Governor Cass. The Governor, having come to Detroit from the vicinity of Zanesville, Ohio, said he had heard the story at Zanesville from the lips of the rescued boy, now grown into manhood. Cass then communicated with the former captive, and soon Judge Ryley received a letter from him, expressing gratitude for his deliverance from a terrible death.³

The death of Claude Charles Moran in 1775 left to his widow four arpents of river frontage embraced in the original Chapoton holding (Private Claims 5 and 6) and the two and one-quarter arpents acquired by exchange with Noel Chauvin in February, 1775 (Private Claim 182). On December 4, 1787 she sold the latter to her son Charles for 4000 livres, "ancient shillings of Quebec," payable in four years' time, the purchaser assuming the seigniorial taxes. The payment was completed by March

4, 1792. Two years later Marie Belleperche died. Apparently Charles had made his home with her. The Detroit census of 1779 supplies a picture of their establishment:⁴ Besides Captain Moran and his mother it contained two men and two women servants, three boys and three girls, the latter the younger members of the family. It also numbered one female slave, probably Josette, who was freed by the family following the death of her mistress. There were four oxen, three horses, fourteen cows, eighteen steers and twenty "hogs" on the farm.

In the settlement of the estate of Widow Moran, June 14, 1794, Charles purchased her house and remaining land for four hundred pounds, New York Currency. Thereby he became the owner of Private Claim 5, the westerly half of the Chapoton farm, which has ever since been known as the Charles Moran farm. Louis Moran, his younger brother, had purchased the easterly half (Private Claim 6) for five hundred pounds, New York Currency, on January 16, 1792. On October 3, 1796 Charles sold Private Claim 182 (now platted as the Mullett farm) to Maurice, the youngest brother, just turned twenty-one years of age. The three brothers now possessed three valuable river-front, farms, separated only by the intervening Rivard farm.

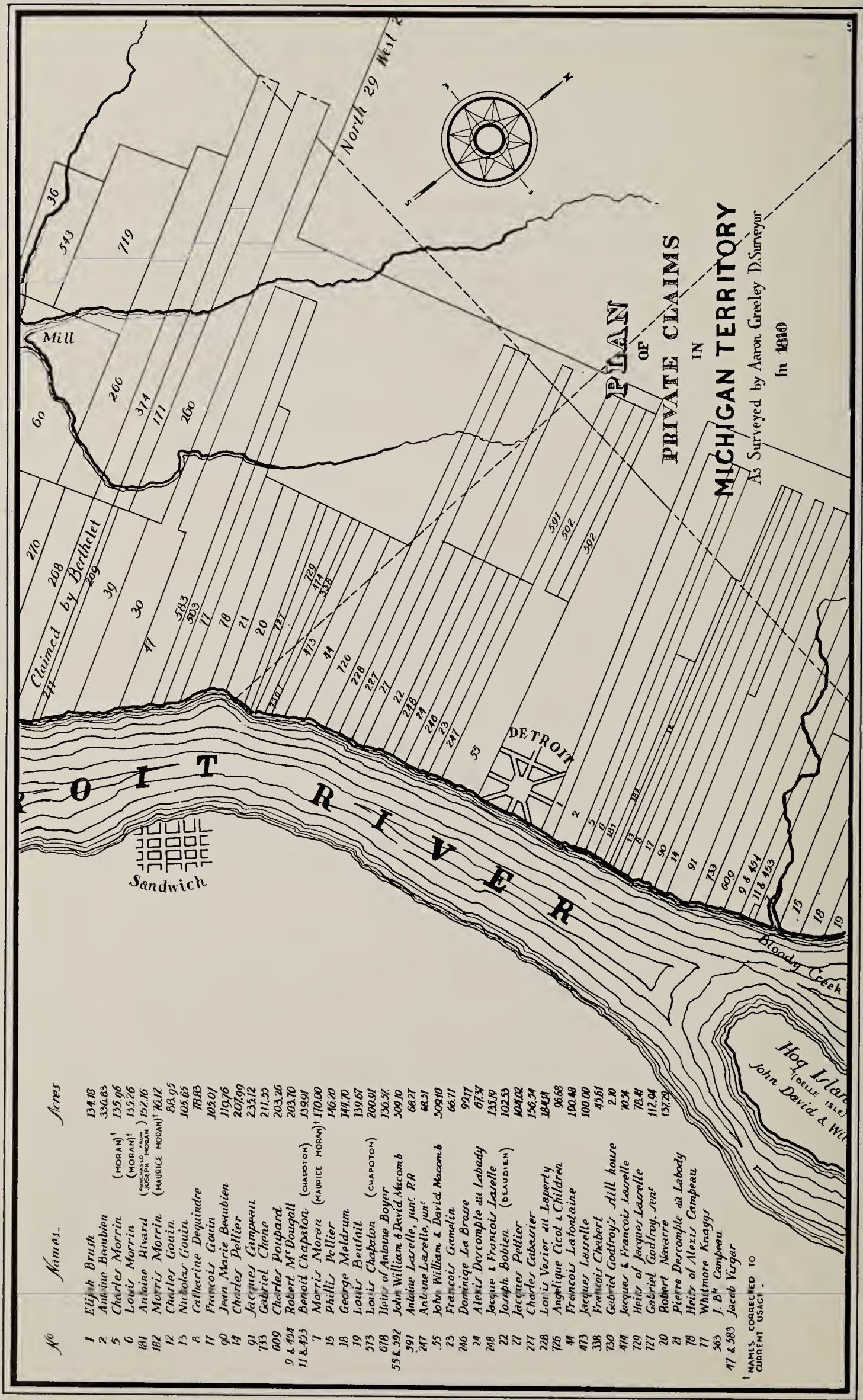
At the settlement of his mother's estate Charles also purchased some of the household furniture. He had reached the age of thirty-nine, was locally prominent and a bachelor. The death of his mother deprived him of a homemaker, and it is not surprising that a few months later (November 4, 1794) he married Catherine Vessiere *dit* Laferte.

Her father, Louis Vessiere *dit* Laferte, had come to Detroit from Lower Canada prior to 1762 and opened a tailor shop on St. Joseph Street. On June 2, 1762 he married Marie Louisa Lafoy, niece of Claude Charles Moran, an inmate of Charles' home. She died five years later and the widower married (second) Catherine Esprit *dit* Cham-



DETROIT LANDHOLDERS

A Section from a Map Drawn by Patrick McNiff, December, 1796



AARON GREELEY'S MAP OF DETROIT, 1810
A Section

pagne, September 23, 1771. Catherine, the bride of Charles Moran, was their child, born February 15, 1775; three years later her father had purchased a farm on the Southwest Coast which is still known as the Laferte farm⁵ (Private Claim 228), bounded on the west by Wabash Avenue. He died on his farm and was buried at Assumption Church, Sandwich, January 17, 1811.

The union of Charles and Catherine Vessiere Moran was marked by early tragedy. Their first child, Charles Moran, born August 19, 1795, died in infancy. A second son, also named Charles, was born April 21, 1797, and lived to an advanced age. The mother died in November following, leaving her husband and infant son to face the world alone.

The remainder of our story is quick. For although Charles lived on until October 6, 1815, the records concerning his later years are painfully few. On a few occasions he witnessed marriages, the last time noted being in 1806.

An interesting indication of his high standing in the community during these later years was afforded by a development which shook French Detroit in 1807. The Board of Governors and Judges, spurred by the masterful Judge Woodward who was engaged in planning the world's model city, was proposing to provide the Parish of Ste. Anne with a new cemetery site, which replaced the ancient cemetery at Griswold and West Jefferson. A general assembly of the Parish was held to consider the proposed removal. In the discussion that took place it was emphatically vetoed, and Charles Moran, Joseph Campau, and John R. Williams were appointed members of a committee to deal with the matter. The spirited protest against the removal, which they presented on behalf of the Church to the Governor and Judges makes lively reading even today, a century and a half later. Joseph Campau and John R. Williams, younger men than Moran, are still remem-

bered as among Detroit's leading citizens, each of them commemorated by the name of a prominent street. Moran has been neglected by the community, yet it is of interest to note that in 1807 his name led those of Campau and Williams. The original petition, now preserved in the Burton Historical Collection, reads as follows:

To His Excellency Governor William Hull
ble
and the Hon Judges August B. Woodward
& John Griffin Esquire—Composing the Govern-
ment of Michigan.

The Memorial of the Inhabitants of the Parish of Ste. Ann, in the territory of Michigan through their Committee; respectively sheweth.

That after having maturely considered the proposals of the Legislature respecting the relinquishment of the Ground held by the Inhabitants of this Country from the date of its earliest settlement by their French Ancestors as a Public Burial & Church Ground Lot in consideration of other ground delineated by the appellation of the little square near the Fortress of Detroit—We acknowledge the superior and intrinsic value of the ground proposed to us; but, owing to the strongest natural ties, which spring from sources that imperiously bind our sensibility as Civilized men, must, and do, by these presents decline any alienation whatever of said soil; The Committee in support of their opinions adduce the grand fundamental principles of immutable Nature, emphatically felt and nobly expressed by the illustrious framers of our invaluable constitution; to shew that among the several inalienable rights with which Nature's God has invested man is that most essential one of pursuing the means of Hap-

piness—We appeal to the Humanity of our Fellow Citizens to decide whether it would not evince (in the highest degree) a want of those humane & charitable qualifications which are, and ought to be, the peculiar characteristics of Christians; were we to abandon for the purposes of a common highway the earth in whose bosom reposes the remains of our Fathers, our Mothers, and common Kindred. O sympathy! O nature! where are thy Godlike Virtues, by which the Great Author of the Universe has distinguished Man!

Confiding once more, not only on the Wisdom and magnanimity of the Government of the United States, but also upon the equity and validity of our Claim to the said Church Ground, which we and our forefathers have held in quiet possession under three successive Governments;

ble

We now apply to your hon^{ble} board for the adjustment of our Title and a Deed for the said Ground Lot, conformably to an act of the Congress of the U.S. entitled “An Act to provide for the adjustment of Titles of Land in the town of Detroit &c &c”.

A subsequent consideration no less interesting to our parishioners is the lot of ground known by the name of the new Catholic Burial. Consequently, it may not be amiss to explain in as concise a manner as possible the claim that we have to it—About the year 1796 or '7, it was deemed expedient for the benefit & health of the Inhabitants of the Ancient Town of Detroit (considering) the great length of time that the small space of Ground adjacent to the Church, had been used

as a public place of interment) that a new burial Ground should be allotted to our Congregation on the then Public Commons. Accordingly the ground which we now hold in our possession was picketted in, with the approbation of the corporation of Detroit & the consent of Colonel Hamtramck, the military commandant of this place, under whose exclusive jurisdiction the commons were then in some measure considered, Therefore, We the committee do now by these presents in the name of the Inhabitants of the aforesaid Parish of St. Ann, Pray that a Grant may issue for this last mentioned place of interment, as well as for the ancient Lot of Church Ground, And Your memorialists as in duty bound shall ever &c.

les
Ch Moran
Jos Campau

o
Jn Williams

Detroit the twenty second April One Thousand eight hundred & Seven

It is pleasant to be able to report that the Governor and Judges graciously granted the appeal of the French inhabitants and allowed them to retain their ancient burial ground. But the world belongs to the living rather than to the dead, and a generation later the desecration which was so vigorously protested in 1807 was accomplished. Although there may have been good reasons for the act, it is of interest to note that other old cities (exampled by Boston, New York and Philadelphia) unlike Detroit, continue to preserve their ancient cemeteries in the midst of crowded business sections. Detroit destroyed her in the name of Progress while the city was still a small community.

Some of the thousands who throng daily through the

busy "Loop District" will probably be surprised to learn that the bones of many members of Detroit's earliest families sleep concealed beneath the present street levels in the vicinity of Jefferson and Griswold. Some of these were found when the foundations of the Guardian Building were laid a quarter century ago, and still others were dug up in 1947 during excavation for the foundations of the Veteran's Memorial Building.

Charles Moran was eight years of age at the time of Pontiac's siege of Detroit, and the bloody and violent scenes attending it must have made a lasting impression upon him. He was twenty when his father was murdered and the responsibility of caring for his mother and her brood of orphaned children devolved upon him. For the next ten years the western country was the arena of bloody turmoil. Then in 1789 the several agencies of local government were established again at Detroit. For twenty-nine years the town had not known security. But the British rule was only *de facto*, and in 1793 the authorities were thrown into a fever of excitement over the anticipated descent of General Wayne upon the place. Presumably Moran's company was summoned, along with the rest of the Detroit militia, for service on the Maumee in 1794, but of this we have no definite record.

The transfer to American rule in 1796 brought little satisfaction for the French settlers to whose religion and way of life the newcomers were completely alien. Since 1760 there had been widespread confusion of land titles, and although the claims of Charles and Louis Moran were among the first to be validated by the U. S. Land Board in 1807, ten years elapsed and Charles had been dead for two years when the title deeds to his property were issued.

Charles passed his closing years amid terrible scenes and monstrous deeds enacted on the Detroit frontier during the War of 1812. Again tomahawks and scalping knives

were busy, famine was everywhere, while ear and eye were continually shocked by the sound of savage war whoops and the spectacle of despairing captives being led through the streets like cattle to the butchers. Nor did it lessen his old age worries that his only son, though still but a youth, was serving as a soldier. Charles, throughout his sixty years of life, had experienced three wars and four changes of government; he had seen his father murdered, and had carried his bride to an early grave. For him death may have come as a welcome change from the scenes of his troubled earthly career.

Chapter V

Judge Charles Moran 1797-1876

CHARLES, THE only surviving child of Charles Moran and Catherine Vessiere dit Laferte, was born April 21, 1797, in the old Moran home on Woodbridge Street overlooking the river. British rule over Detroit had ended only nine months earlier, leaving the city almost isolated; a wilderness extension of the Northwest Territory. A wide expanse of Indian country separated Detroit from the seat of government at Chillicothe, Ohio.

Although the government of Wayne County had been promptly following American acquisition of the area, commercial and other contacts with the outside world still led by way of Montreal. During this period many old-time Detroiters, fiercely loyal to Great Britain, moved across the river in order to continue living and transacting business under the British flag.

In 1800 the Northwest Territory was divided. The western area became Indiana Territory which included all of present-day Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, the portion of Minnesota lying east of the Mississippi River, the western half of the Michigan Lower Peninsula and all of the Upper Peninsula lying west of the meridian of Mackinac. Three years later, when Ohio became a state, Detroit and eastern Michigan were added to Indiana, whose capital was Vincennes on the lower Wabash.

Conditions of travel at this time made the capital even more remote and difficult of access than Montreal had been. Then, too, the townsmen of Detroit, metropolis of the western wilderness, disliked having parvenue Vincennes

for the seat of their government and assailed Congress with appeals for the adjustment which that distant body heeded with admirable celerity.

The act creating Michigan Territory, Detroit its capital, was passed on January 11, 1805. It provided that the new government would become operative on the following July 1st (1805).

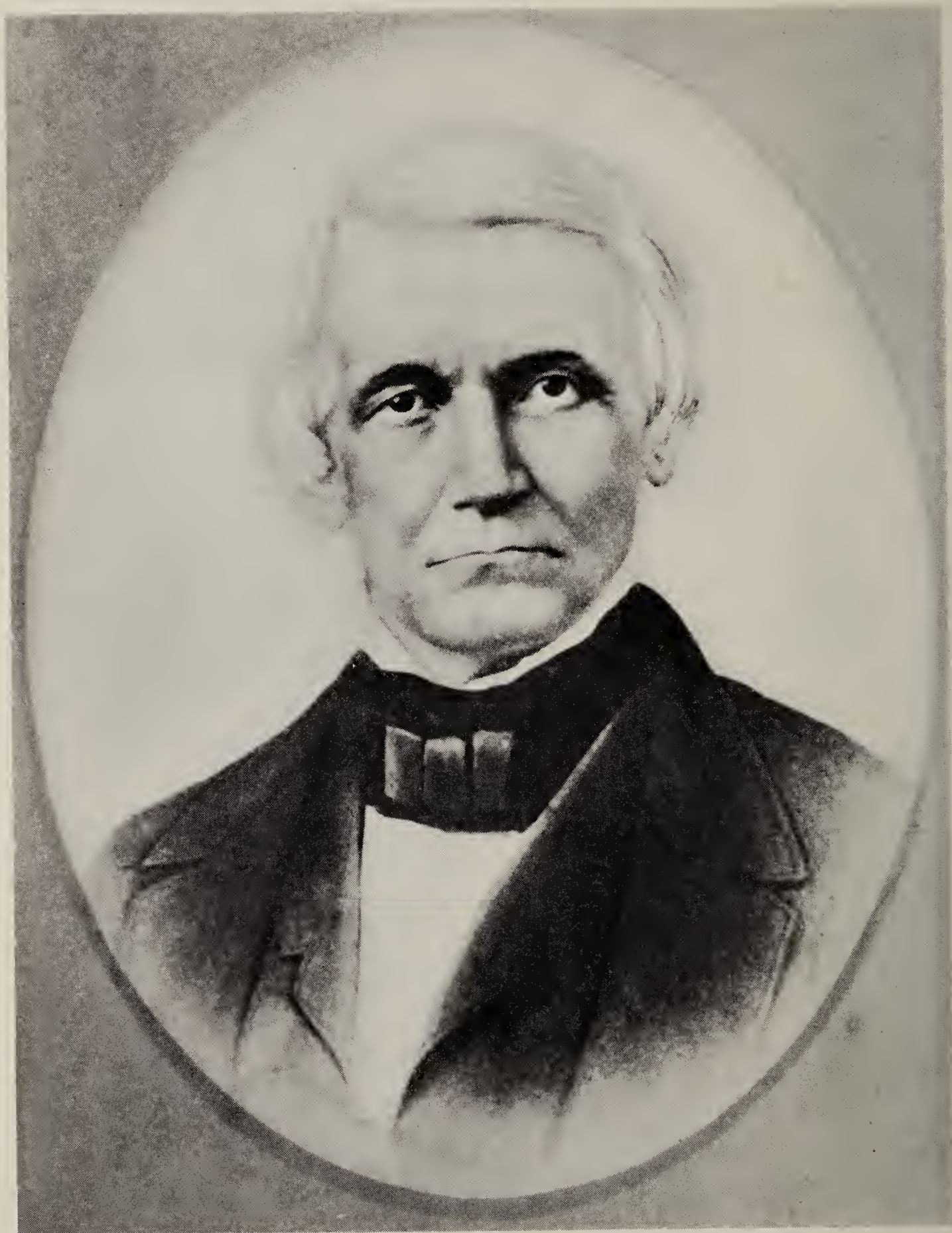
Young Charles Moran was nine years of age when Michigan Territory began. Its stirring if feeble infancy was part of his later boyhood. He was only fifteen when the War of 1812 burst upon the Northwest, bringing appalling disaster, suffering, and grief to the people of Michigan and Detroit. Under the spur of dire necessity mere youths assumed the responsibilities of mature men. When barely past his fifteenth birthday, Charles Moran shouldered a gun and as a member of the Territorial militia shared in the disastrous campaign of 1812 which terminated on August 16 with the surrender of Detroit and all Michigan Territory to the enemy. Many years later the historian, Benson J. Lossing, visited Detroit, and in his "Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812" recorded this interview with Judge Moran:

"At twilight I called upon the Hon. C Moran who, though only a lad of sixteen years, was performing sentinel duty in the fort at Detroit when it was surrendered. He said he saw General Hull during the heavy cannonading, just before the white flag was run up, sitting upon the grass within the Fort, apparently unmoved by the terrors of the scene. He related many interesting particulars of occurrences within the fort at that time, and it was with real regret that I felt compelled to make the interview short, for I had an engagement to call on Mr. Robert M. Eberts, a native of that place since his birth in 1804."



THE OLD MORAN HOME

Circa 1890



JUDGE CHARLES MORAN
From an Old Photograph

Following Hull's surrender, the American regular soldiers were sent as prisoners to Lower Canada, while the Michigan and Ohio militia were paroled and permitted to return to their homes. Until the restoration of peace in the winter of 1815 the property of the townsmen was ravaged successively by British and American armies of occupation and intermittently by hostile Indian war parties. The period was one of general terror and privation, and as late as the winter of 1814-15 a responsible American commander at Detroit gravely recommended to the Government that the city be laid waste and abandoned, as not worth the effort of defending it.

Presumably Charles Moran did what a young man could do to protect and conserve the property of his now aged father. And he probably kept records covering damage to fixed property and losses from inventory. This is purely deduction, for a decade later we find him vainly endeavoring to procure compensation from Congress for the destruction wrought by our own army.¹

During the summer of 1814 Detroit was almost denuded of defenders, its garrison having been sent eastward to aid in the defense of the Niagara frontier. Indian war parties, emboldened by the situation, hovered around, committing such depredations as they dared. Among other atrocities they slaughtered and obscenely mutilated a workman who had gone with his horse and cart into a field back of the Moran house. Soon afterwards (Sept. 10, 1814) Indians killed and scalped a townsman named McMillan on the Common back of the fort near present-day Capitol Park.

Hoping to catch and punish the marauders, Governor Cass summoned a considerable number of young men armed with nondescript weapons as they possessed. Cass led the group throughout the pursuit. Charles Moran was among the volunteers who took to the trail with the Governor.

The first lead was eastward along the river for a short distance and then it turned inland. Near the rear of the Cass farm, somewhere in the vicinity of the present General Motors Building, the Indians were overtaken, and after a sharp, short action were dispersed. Returning to the Common the impromptu militia formed into ranks and marched westward to the Rouge. There they put to flight another band of red warriors who had been harassing the settlers of that locality. A while after the militia had left on this second trip a rumor spread among the townsmen that the entire party had been slain. Though such was not the case, the young men themselves, whether by coincidence or as a joke, set up a tremendous war-whoop as they approached the town. Greater panic then spread among the anxious citizens and quieted down only when the rumor was stilled by the young men themselves marching into town, their ranks intact.

Old-age memories are notably unreliable, and we cannot be sure of the story written by Judge Witherell in the later years.² We do, however, have Governor Cass's contemporary summary of the situation as expressed in this appeal to General McArthur of Ohio:

"The Indians have recommenced hostilities on every side of us. They are murdering the people and breaking up the settlements. There is now a large force of them in the immediate vicinity of this place, most probably within a mile, with the avowed purpose of attacking the town. We have no force adequate to the defense of the country, and none of the description proper to the pursuit of the Indians. My opinion is that you should hasten on with the mounted men with all possible expedition."³

The governor's plea was heeded at once, and in early October seven hundred mounted soldiers from Ohio rode

into town, making Detroit safe against further Indian attacks.

Charles Moran, the elder, died in October, 1815, and the son, now eighteen years of age, was left to face the world alone. His letters of the early eighteen-twenties, written in support of his claim upon Congress for damages suffered in the war, disclose lack of knowledge concerning conduct of public affairs which is not surprising. With increasing maturity, however, he undertook numerous civic responsibilities and over a period of years held a variety of local public offices. The title, "Judge," which clung to him throughout his life, was acquired during the territorial era. In the early '30's, Charles was twice elected to the Legislative Council of the Territory, and he represented Wayne County in the State Legislature in 1836, 1837 and 1838. A life-long Democrat, he was one of the Wayne County delegates to the second or "Frost-bitten Convention of Assent to Statehood," held at Ann Arbor in the early winter of 1836. Judge Charles was an alderman of Detroit in 1844. Before this he was one of three who composed a Committee appointed to plan the public school system of the city. Thus he became one of the founders of the Detroit School System.

Following the organization of Michigan Territory in 1805 Congress established a Land Board to investigate the claims of settlers to ownership of the lands they occupied. As claims were investigated and validated by the Board they were numbered. There were over eight hundred in all and each by its number is permanently so designated in our legal records. Since most claims dated back almost a century, and for more than fifty years of warfare and changing governments there had been no adequate method of establishing land titles, much time and effort were required to assemble the necessary legal proofs of ownership. In 1812 war with Great Britain interrupted this work.

Title to the Moran farm had still to be completed, and although Charles Moran (born in 1797) had served his country as a soldier in the war he was still a minor. To obtain the deed to the farm, his legal guardian sent the necessary records to Washington, a horseback journey of several weeks. When the deed was finally signed by President Monroe, November 18, 1818, the title was made out to Charles Moran instead of "Morand." Since then the "d" in the original name has rarely been used. This document is preserved in the Burton Historical Collection of the Detroit Public Library. (*See illustration facing page 31.*)

Judge Moran was united in marriage with Julia Dequindre August 21, 1822. She was the youngest daughter of a French family prominent in early Detroit. The newlyweds installed themselves in the old Moran home, where five children were added to the family before her death in January, 1845.

The founder of the line of Dequindre in America was Michael Dagneau de Douville, Sieur de Quindre, an officer in the French army who came to America prior to 1638. One of his sons, Louis Césaire, born at Sorel in 1794, married Marie Ann Picoté de Belestre at Montreal on December 4, 1736. Marie's father, Francis Marie Picoté de Belestre, was a brother-in-law of Alphonse De Tonty, brother of iron-handed Henry, LaSalle's famous lieutenant and twice commandant of Detroit. Belestre, who was an ensign in the French army, was ordered to Detroit where he served as town major, and at various times during absence of De Tonty, he acted as commandant. In May, 1714, he married (second) at Montreal, Marie Catherine Trotier de Beaubien, who had a family by a prior union. It was her removal, with her children, to Detroit that brought the extensive Beaubien line into the Northwest. The eldest child of her union with Belestre was Marie Ann, born in 1714.

Francis Marie Belestre, a son of his father's first marriage, had a long and honorable career in the army. He⁴ served at Detroit as the last French Commandant in 1758. Two years later all Canada was surrendered to the conquering British army of General Amherst at Montreal, and Major Robert Rogers, the famous leader of Rangers, was dispatched by the General to take over the French posts in the Upper Country. He reached Detroit on November 29, 1760 and promptly demanded the surrender of the garrison. In advance of his arrival Belestre had sought to fix the wavering allegiance of his red allies by exhibiting to them a flag on which was depicted a human head with a crow engaged in pecking out its eyes. Belestre explained the head represented the English with whom he would deal in the same manner as was the crow with the head. But, it seems, he changed his mind, and did not fight. Inspection of the documents which Major Rogers exhibited, recording the French surrender of Canada shows that Belestre promptly yielded possession of Fort Pontchartrain to the conqueror. Belestre's subsequent career in Lower Canada was long and honorable. "There are few names," concludes his biographer, "so often and so honorably mentioned during the period of his lifetime."⁵

The Dequindre family was no less martial than that of Belestre. Its members have figured prominently in the military annals of Detroit through the French, British, and American periods. Louis Césaire, husband of Marie Ann Belestre, settled at Detroit in 1749, and later served as a colonel of militia. No less than three of his sons were officers in the British Indian Department during the years of the American Revolution. In this capacity it became their duty to participate in the various British-Indian raids upon the American settlers along the Pennsylvania-Kentucky frontiers, where the horrors have not yet been forgotten.

Louis Césaire Dequindre has the peculiar distinction of being first owner of Belle Isle. Ever since the founding of Detroit the Island had been treated as a Common, used and enjoyed by all the settlers. Comandant Celoron granted the island to Dequindre, but when he occupied it a storm of protest was raised by the townsmen, who claimed it as their "ancient Common." Dequindre thereupon abandoned it. A decade or so later an early British Commandant permitted Lieutenant McDougal to take possession of the island and more than a century of private ownership ensued before the citizens, at great cost, regained ownership of the island and made it into one of America's most beautiful parks. Antoine Dequindre, one of the brothers, who was born in 1751, became active in civic as well as in military affairs. Upon the organization of American government at Detroit in the autumn of 1796, he was appointed one of the three commissioners of Wayne County, and he was a member of the Grand Jury, which in 1809, indicted Governor Hull for surrendering the city to the British. The usual large French family was his, the youngest member being Julia, who became the bride of Charles Moran.

Dequindre's eldest son, also named Antoine, born June 18, 1781, brought luster to the family name in the nineteenth century. He was a merchant but throughout his life he was familiarly known by his military title, "Major Dequindre." Antoine became an officer of Michigan territorial militia in April, 1806, and in the War of 1812 commanded a company which won particular distinction in the stubborn battle of Monguagon, fought on August 9, 1812.

"Captain (DeQuindre) and his ensign, Maccomb," wrote Lieutenant Dalliba in his narrative of the battle,⁶ "behaved in a manner which would have done honor to veterans, particularly when charging the Indians in their works on the river

flank. Captain (DeQuindre) was the first man who jumped the breastwork at that point, thereby encouraging his men to follow him."

The passage of thirty years did not erase the memory of Antoine's bravery from the minds of his neighbors. When he died February 23, 1843, he was given a military funeral. "To those who have long known him," wrote General John R. Williams in a Division Order, "the integrity of his character (and his) honorable and amiable deportment throughout all the vicissitudes of life endeared him as a faithful friend and excellent citizen."

In 1795 Major Dequindre's mother obtained the farm on the East Side now known as Private Claim 8. In 1813 Antoine acquired the adjoining tract (Private Claim 17) and at a subsequent date, his mother transferred her holding to him. The parcels thus united have ever since been known as the Dequindre Farm. From it Dequindre Street, an important north and south avenue, derived its name.

Major Antoine Dequindre married Catherine Chapoton in 1809, and they became the parents of a large family. Louis Dequindre, another brother of Julia, married Marie Rose DesNoyers. One sister, Catherine, married John Peter Beaubien, while another, Adelaide, married Joseph Campau, outstanding member of the far-flung Detroit Campau line. He became Detroit's wealthiest citizen in his time. He was a co-founder of the *Detroit Free Press*. Joseph Campau Street, the principal business street of Hamtramck, and important in Detroit, is named in his honor.

The ancient home in which Julia and Charles Moran passed their wedded life stood on Woodbridge Street between St. Antoine and Hastings. Robert E. Roberts, who came to Detroit from the East as a young man in the Spring of 1827, penned the following description of it fifty years later:

"The second house I entered after arriving

here was the old homestead and birthplace of the late Charles Moran, on Woodbridge Street, between St. Antoine and Hastings Streets, which still (1877) remains on the same spot, and at that day was surrounded by extensive pear orchards, they having been brought here and transplanted by the emigrant farmers of France in 1749. A few of these old trees still remain and bear fruit. For many years in the month of June in these orchards, which extended to the river beach, thousands of Indians with their squaws and papooses from the lake country above, on their way to Malden in Canada to receive presents from the British government pitched their tents and lighted their campfires. The beach for half a mile or more would be thickly lined with their birchen canoes. When they broke camp and started on their way, the river would be thickly dotted with their canoes for miles."

Some of the ancient pear trees, frequently of remarkable size and now two centuries old, may still be seen on either side of the river. Even a century ago their origin had become legendary, and it is impossible to say when or by whom they were brought to Detroit. We do know, however they are a French species.

The French settlers who obtained feudal land grants along the river in the eighteenth century were unknowingly laying the foundations for the handsome fortunes enjoyed by their nineteenth and twentieth century successors. About the year 1830 the full tide of western Yankee settlement flowed into and across Michigan and onward around Lake Michigan toward the Mississippi. With breath-taking speed the old town of Detroit exploded into a bustling Yankee city which in less than a hundred years was to become a metropolis known around the world. Beginning at Cass

Avenue on the west and at Brush Street on the east, the French ribbon farms fenced in the growing city. Although their owners were to be made wealthy by the growth of the city, they did not welcome the transformation. Instead, content with the farms and the way of life which was their ancestors, they resisted to the utmost of their ability the opening of streets across their farms. They made but passive resistance, however, to the laying out of highways along the borders of their holdings. As a consequence, Detroit has an ample number of north and south streets, while it still suffers from a marked lack of much-needed through east-and-west thoroughfares. Yankee purchasers of former French farms shared the prejudices of the original owners. Even Governor Woodbridge, despite the fact expansion of the City was making him a wealthy man, bitterly contested the extension of Fort Street westward across his farm.

Judge Moran, still a conservative Frenchman, shared the common feeling and actively opposed the eastern extension of Jefferson Avenue, although the growth of the City was to provide him with his life-time occupation and financial reward for his descendants. In his early thirties, following the opening of Jefferson Avenue, he built a fine new residence of brick at the northwest corner of Hastings Street and Jefferson Avenue. This was one of the first brick houses in Detroit. The location was but a few rods from the house in which he was born. The old house gradually fell into decay and disuse, and was finally razed sometime in the earlier nineteen hundreds, after over a century and a half of use by himself and his ancestors.

The new house remained his home until his death forty years later. In it he reared his numerous family and from it, aided by a secretary in later years, he directed his extensive business. Influenced, no doubt, by the example of Joseph Campau, his first wife's brother-in-law, Judge Moran devoted his time and energy to subdividing his ancestral

farm into city lots, opening streets and building homes. One of the streets thus opened was present-day Hastings, main street of Detroit's teeming east-side Negro section. It lies on the boundary between Private Claim 5 (the Charles Moran farm) and Private Claim 6 (the Louis Moran farm). According to family knowledge Hastings Street was originally a private lane leading toward the rear portion of the united holdings, and when opened as a street it was named by Judge Moran in honor of his friend, Eurotas P. Hastings.

Instead of selling the property thus improved, he retained the title to it, contenting himself with leasing the vacant lots and renting the parcels which had been improved with buildings. The steadily-growing city thus poured an ever-increasing tribute into his hands, and at his death in 1876 his property was worth several million dollars, an impressive three-quarters of a century ago.

Some interesting recollections which serve to illuminate Judge Moran's business and personal habits are still preserved. He was a man of few words and sober mien; whether a consequence of the hazardous years of his youth can only be surmised. Yet he would go to great lengths to assist any one who won his confidence. George Brady, then a young man, lived across the street from Judge Moran. He was eager to purchase a business site on Woodward Avenue which the Judge owned, but lacked the necessary cash. Brady stated his desire to the Judge, explained that he had but a small amount of money to pay down and proposed to mortgage the property for the remainder. Judge Moran agreed to let him have the property but declined to take the mortgage, telling Brady he could complete the payment of the debt at some later date.

Another incident which conveys the flavor of a more leisurely age than the present one is recounted. After the Judge's death in 1876 a well-known business man of Detroit

called upon Mrs. Moran informing her he had done considerable business with her husband without any written record or legal evidence of transactions being made. At the time of Judge Moran's sudden death the indebtedness totalled \$75,000. The purpose of the call was to explain the situation and inform Mrs. Moran about the debt he owed to the estate.

Mrs. Strathearn (*Katherine Moran*) Hendrie, granddaughter of the Judge, and as a child frequently a visitor in his home, recalls that a relative of the Judge was serving as government Indian agent and that occasionally he would bring some of his red wards who were in Detroit to Judge Moran's house for a night's shelter. The Indians would enter the dining room while the family was at the supper table, help themselves to any food fancied, return to the living room and eat it. Being hungry no longer, they then sat and smoked their pipes, never uttering a word. When ready they rolled into their blankets, stretched out and slept on the floor in front of the fire. As soon as the agent paid their allotments, they would go off to their homes in the northern wilds.

Julia Dequindre Moran died in January, 1835. A year and a half later in 1837, Judge Moran married Justine McCormick of Batavia, New York. She outlived her husband twenty-four years, dying on August 18, 1900. Five children were born of the first marriage and six of the second. Within the domestic circle Judge Moran was a kind but none too indulgent father. Two of his sons, when young men, joined a fire-engine company (*hand-pumper*) with headquarters a block away. When the bells clanged an alarm of fire the boys answered by climbing through a window of their second-floor bedroom onto the roof of a porch, then jumped to the ground and rushed to the near-by engine-house, they would help pull the apparatus to the fire. They resorted to this maneuver because the

Judge forbade them to leave the house after a fixed hour at night.

Despite ample finances, the Judge forbade frivolous expenditures. He declined to gratify his wife's desire for a carriage with team of horses and coachman of her own, remarking that his was a good enough vehicle and team for all. After the Judge's death, however, William B. Moran, his second son, purchased for his mother a fine carriage, a matched team of horses, and provided a coachman who remained with her until the day of her death in 1900.

Judge Moran died during a brief illness on October 13, 1876. His full seventy-nine years had been lived in the two houses which stood but a few rods apart. The wilderness village of his infancy had become a city of 100,000. The feeble American nation, harassed by savage Indians at home and by contemptuous Old World powers abroad, was now a mighty country of almost 50,000,000 free-born citizens.

During the afternoon of the day he died, he went for a walk. The evening he spent at home conversing with his sons upon current public topics and private business affairs. About nine o'clock, while watching a torchlight political parade, he complained of pain. At ten-thirty he was dead. One newspaper obituary, characterized him as "domestically inclined, fond of his own fireside, and rigid in his practice of morality."

Chapter VI

John Vallee Moran 1846 - 1920

JUDGE CHARLES MORAN'S two marriages resulted in eleven children. Five of these were the children of his first wife, Julie Dequindre, and were born across the years 1823 through 1834. Six children were those of his second wife, Justine McCormick. Four of Julie Dequindre's five were daughters. Four of Justine McCormick's six children were sons. The eleven, with their descendants, are listed in the genealogical table to be found upon opening this volume. Because the compiler of this narrative is descended from Justine McCormick, our attention is centered upon her family.

Jane, her first child, was born May 9, 1837, and died most untimely at the age of sixteen in July, 1852. She was buried on July 20. Tragedy befell the second child, James, who was born February 6, 1841. He was killed by accident while duck hunting during November of 1867.

William B., the third child, was born May 24, 1844, and lived until December 6, 1895. For many years he was a civic and business leader in Detroit. He studied law at Fordham University, from which he graduated in 1866. Returning to Detroit, he entered upon practice and soon became one of the leading lawyers of the city. A decade before his death, however, he retired from practice to devote his time to other interests. Scion of a civic-minded family and splendidly trained in the law as he was, it is not surprising to find that during his lifetime he served as City Controller and also as Park Commissioner. He was a mem-

ber of the Detroit Park Commission when Belle Isle was acquired and when Grand Boulevard was laid out despite much short-sighted opposition. William B. was one of the founders of the Peninsular Stove Company and was an original stockholder of the Detroit Electric Light and Power Company, in addition to having numerous other business interests. He was twice married; in 1871 to Elise Van Dyke and in 1875 to Frances DesNoyers, granddaughter of Peter DesNoyers. Peter DesNoyers was a prominent citizen of Detroit in the early nineteenth century.

Katherine, mentioned before as Mrs. Strathearn Hendrie, was the only child of William B.'s marriage to Elise Van Dyke. Two sons, William A. and Henry D., were born to William B and Frances DesNoyers.

The fourth child of the Judge Charles Moran-Justine McCormick marriage was John Vallee. The compiler being his son devotes most of this chapter to him, but for the present skips further mention of his father and proceeds to Catherine Elizabeth, the fifth child and youngest daughter of Judge Charles and Justine McCormick Moran. Catherine Elizabeth was born January 7, 1850. She married Henry DesNoyers Barnard of Hartford, Connecticut on October 30, 1877. His father was Henry Barnard, Ph.D., famous educationist, with a reputation still surviving and equaled only by that of Horace Mann. Both were pioneers in the field of modern educational methods. Doctor Henry Barnard had visited the west in 1846. During his stop in Detroit he met and married Josephine DesNoyers, an aunt of William B. Moran's second wife. Catherine died in October, 1925, leaving one daughter, Mary Josephine.

Fred T. Moran was the youngest child of Judge Charles and Mary Justine Moran. He was born on March 4, 1855 and married Satilla G. Butterfield in June of 1878. They had several children, descendants of whom are numerous. Alfred Butterfield Moran, the eldest, married

first Ida Mary Schmidt and second Mary Askin Bennett. He died on January 22, 1941. Viola Agnes, daughter of Fred and Satilla, married Edward P. Hammond on April 21, 1906. Edward's father was George Hammond, founder of the town Hammond, Indiana, where he succeeded in building the first successful railway refrigerator car. Another of his interests there was the Hammond Packing Company, which he founded. With this background, it is not surprising that his son, Edward P., became a successful industrialist. Residing in Detroit, he developed the Gemmer Manufacturing Company and was also one of the most important forces in the affairs of the Federal Motor Truck Company. His death occurred May 28, 1940.

The other children of Fred T. and Satilla Moran were daughters, Satilla, Marie and second son, Francis Croul who married Valina Neville. One son, Francis, was born to them. Mary Ann Dodge, granddaughter of John Dodge, the automobile pioneer, and Francis were married in 1948.

Satilla married Colonel John Franklin of the United States Army. Marie is now Mrs. Julius Peter. Julius, also an industrialist, and Marie live in Grosse Pointe, Michigan.

Fred T. Moran was a horseman, one of those enthusiastic fanciers who spent his leisure time breeding horses and racing them. It was this interest that led him to accept appointment to the Fire Commission of the City of Detroit, a position which he held for almost twenty-four years. As Fire Commissioner, he could turn his hobby into practical use; in fact, he turned it into such excellent use his proud boast that the Detroit Fire Department had the finest and fastest horses in America was never disputed. When the Fire Department was motorized, Fred T.'s interest waned, and he resigned the post he had held so long. The Peninsular Stove Company, of which he was one of the founders and its president for many years, was one of his major interests. He also helped organize the Home Tele-

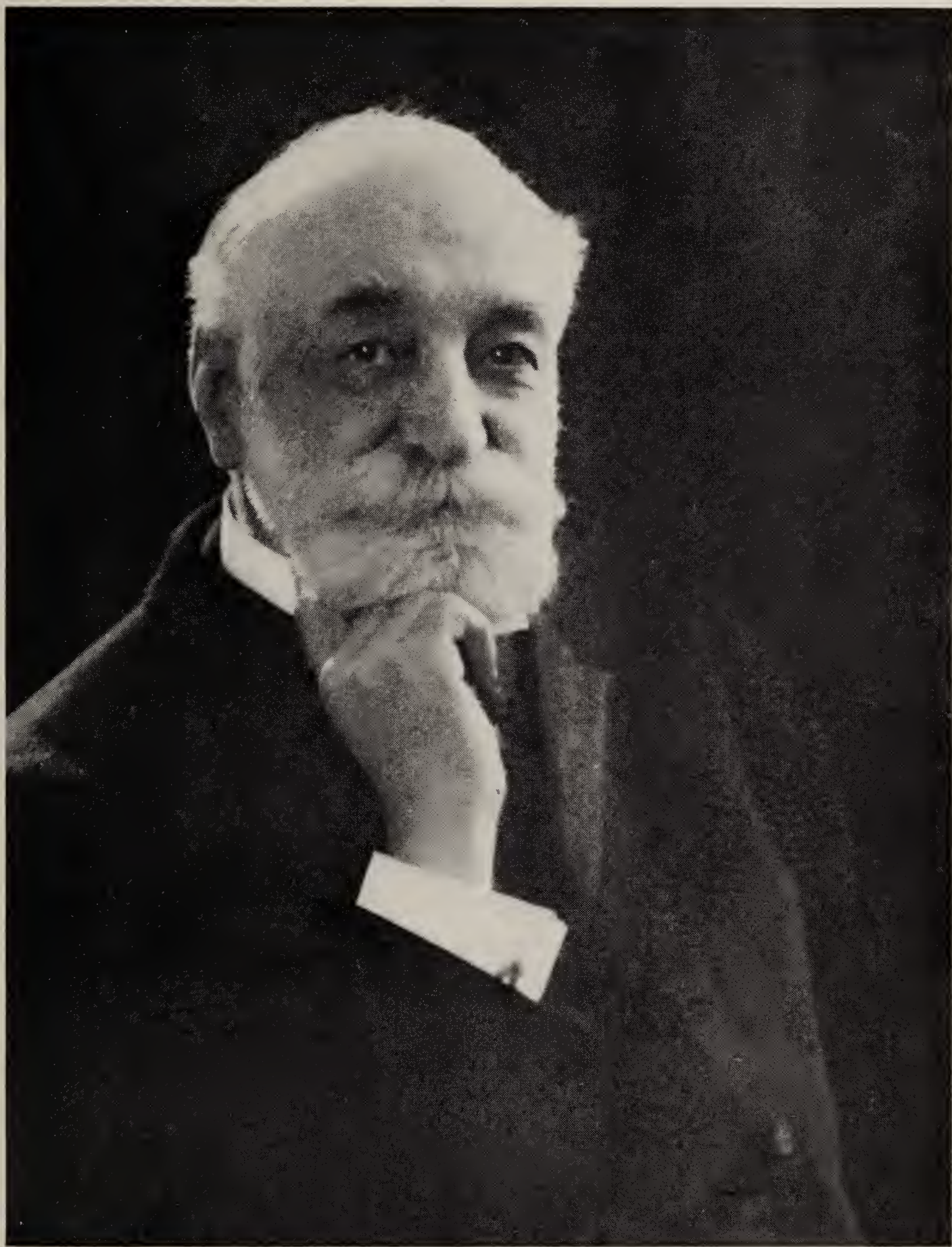
phone Company and the Michigan Brass and Copper Company. And in addition he served as director for various banks and other corporate enterprises. Fred T. was a successful, civic minded, highly respected, and much loved man.

John Vallee Moran was the fourth child of Judge Charles and Mary Justine Moran and the father of the narrator. He was born December 24, 1846, and died, aged seventy-four years, on November 13, 1920. In early manhood John Vallee entered the firm of Beattie, Fitzsimmons and Company. It later became the Moran, Fitzsimmons Company, a general wholesale grocery business located on the ground floor of the Mariners' Church Building on Woodward Avenue, just below Jefferson. Another of J. V.'s early business ventures was in the organization of the American Savings Bank. Unfortunately this bank was forced to close during the financial storm which swept the country during the early eighteen-nineties.

Father's first love was his family; but next to this was fondness for the water. He was never happier than when he was rowing or sailing. He was one of the group who reorganized the Detroit Boat Club as we know it today, and for a time was a member of its crews in rowing contests.

Again a Moran turned an enthusiasm into practical use. It was through his interest in boats and love of the water that Father became one of the original forces in establishing the Ward Steamship Line, which operated a fleet of package freighters on the Great Lakes. One of these freighters, a vessel of 1350 tons burden, was named JOHN V. MORAN. She was built at Bay City in 1888 and served her owners well until sunk and all hands lost, in Lake Huron on February 20, 1899.

Father was very fond of driving too, and the treat superb, for me when a boy, was to go driving with him.



JOHN VALLEE MORAN
From an Old Photograph

About 1890 Father acquired a farm on Lake St. Clair. There the family spent summer seasons year after year. The farm was located thirteen miles away from downtown Detroit, and since Father had to attend to business, he drove into the city each day. There was no other means of transportation at the time. Two horses served him. He drove them on alternate days, because the twenty-six-mile round trip was long and hard; too tiring for the same horse every trip.

During the summer of 1898, Father was thrown from his buggy, spraining or otherwise injuring his right wrist. A few years later a condition, seemingly paralysis, the delayed result of the accident, lamed his hand to such an extent that he could no longer write with it. That did not discourage Father. He immediately began to train his left hand to hold either pen or pencil, and within a short time his problem was mastered.

When I look back upon my younger days, into my youth out there at the farm and think of the garden, I sometimes wonder whether anybody anywhere ever had a garden like Father maintained. Of course, that's only idle remembering of pleasant days. Nevertheless, they were pleasant, and as I dream back and remember the fresh vegetables we had in endless variety: the melons, all we could use, and berries in season, I actually feel hungry. We had an orchard as part of the farm: Old French pear trees, apples, peaches, and cherries. Our grape arbor was something to behold in early fall when grapes were ripe, huge clusters of them hanging from vines. It was one of my great pleasures to select a large bunch of ripe grapes and then to sit off in the grass somewhere and eat them. Memory insists that the fruit from that orchard and the grapes from the arbor were much more desirable than we are able to get nowadays.

Our farm was more than a summer home and the

place where splendid fruits and berries, melons and vegetables were grown. It was of great importance to us as a family through all the winter when we were living in town, the children attending school. Several times each week the caretaker would bring to us from the farm fresh milk, cream, and eggs. I suppose the fact that the farm was ours had something to do with the pleasure of having this splendid variety of foods always available.

Father belonged to clubs. I have spoken about the Detroit Boat Club and his activities on the water. He helped, also, to organize the Detroit Club which he served as a director and its first treasurer. Despite his memberships Father was not much of a club man. He much preferred to get home after his work was done.

Father was not at all selfish with his hospitality at our home. Friends were always welcome. He wanted and he urged them to come, to call, and to dine, but he was not at all keen about going out to visit them.

As I proceed making notes and fill in the skeleton of recollection concerning the earlier years of my life with Father, I find myself inclined to wander, first remembering something that happened when I was six or seven years old; then a later event, something out of those "very important years" my fourteenth or sixteenth; all too often it's just about that time that I became self-conscious and can't remember anything. In talking over the matter with my editor, who refuses to do much more than remove my too-frequent commas, I find myself practically ordered to go right ahead as I have been doing and let the arrangement stand as it is. He says it's the way minds work and that no one alive can go back and remember in strict continuity the major events of even ten years, much less my present sixty-three. The result: I bow, accept command, and go along just remembering the things that I hope my children and their children will enjoy as the years unfold.

Father served on the Detroit House of Correction Commission, the buildings being for many years located in the near east side of Detroit at Russell and Winder streets, about two miles from home, north of the Eastern Market.

As I remember back, I think none of our people could be called impatient about the faults and shortcomings of others; but Father, it seems to me, was rather more tolerant concerning human frailties than anyone else I knew. His work with prisoners at the House of Correction may have influenced him in this attitude. I do not mean by this he would always approve, but when he disapproved, he, I am sure, tried to understand the reasons preceding man's troubles. Another thing about my father was that he never repeated any gossip; possibly he didn't even listen to it. And I never remember hearing him make a derogatory remark about anyone; nor was he given to criticism of other people and their ways. Oh, I do have to make one exception. During presidential election campaigns, Father expressed his opinions freely, frequently, and pungently. A Democrat by heritage and early conviction, he remained one until 1896. After that and until his death, he was a staunch Republican. He couldn't accept William Jennings Bryan and the Free Silver—16 to 1—Platform.

A little earlier in this chapter I mentioned the wholesale grocery firm in which Father was partner, the Moran, Fitzsimmons and Company, and having mentioned it, I jumped away and didn't complete that story. This firm remained Father's major activity until about the mid 1890's, when it was sold to Crusoe Brothers and moved to a new location. Soon afterwards Father became president of the Peninsular Lead and Color Works, an old Detroit concern which manufactured all kinds of paint. The old factory building still stands (1948) at Leib and Wight streets, just south of Jefferson Avenue and near the river.

Numerous other business interests claimed Father's time,

just as they claimed that of his brother, Frederick T. Among them were banking, shipping, and manufacturing; really a large variety of enterprise all of which gave him a great zest for life.

Yes, Father was a busy man, and his time was fully occupied until he retired from active work in 1912. From then on until his death in 1920 he supervised his interests from an office in the Majestic Building.

On November 15, 1920, Father was buried from the Jesuit Church, SS. Peter and Paul, as had been his father before him. The church was completed at just about the time Father was born. He attended it all of his life.

November 25, 1880, John Vallee Moran married Miss Emma Etheridge. When Father met her during a visit she made to Detroit some time earlier, he immediately found her attractive and fell in love. The marriage resulted.

My mother's father was Emerson Etheridge, Representative from Tennessee and one of the state's best known citizens. He was a native of Currituck County, North Carolina. Born and brought up in a rather sparsely settled district, he had little or no chance to attend school. Though he attended school only nine days in his entire life, mother's father became a lawyer, a man of deep culture, and an orator of wide renown. A reporter once, writing a story about one of his political appearances, most aptly characterized Emerson Etheridge "a stormy petrel of the political ocean." He was a member of the Whig Party, predecessor, if that is not stretching the use of the word too far, of the Republican Party as it was organized during the mid nineteenth century. Twice the Whigs of Tennessee nominated mother's father for governor of his state. He failed election each time. These failures are probably just as well, for three times he was nominated and elected representative to Congress, where from time to time portions of his speeches are still quoted. The Whigs were on their way

out about the time Emerson Etheridge entered Congress, and toward the end of his third term he occupied what can be called a unique position. He was the last Whig ever to serve in Congress, and this last term was the one just preceding the Civil War. He fought secession to the best of his ability. Later he served for some time as clerk of the House of Representatives and afterwards Collector of Customs at Memphis, having been appointed by President Benjamin Harrison.

Mother's father was a hard and deadly in earnest worker throughout his entire life, even after his retirement to Dresden, Tennessee, where he lived his later years. Grandfather Etheridge died in 1902. Though long since retired from active life, the memory of his political campaigns burned bright in the hearts of his fellow citizens. His death was the occasion for publication of numerous editorials, among these a critical appreciation taking up a full three columns in the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*. The writer of this editorial, possibly a man who as a beginner in the newspaper field had known him, remarked in one paragraph about the kind of advice Emerson Etheridge had a habit of giving to young men who sought his counsel. An excerpt from it follows:

“Read good books, read good books. They will teach you how to think, and it takes no more time to read them (good books) than it does to read trash. Become a thinker and you will benefit your race. Be a good man and you will uplift mankind. Character is the best thing in the world, and it is the only thing worth having. Without it (character) you amount to nothing.”

Political opponents of Emerson Etheridge, sometimes rather put to it for something to say against him, were prone to charge him with being a “free thinker.” Could a “free thinker” honestly utter over and over again words

such as have just been set into our narrative? The last line bears repeating: *"Character is the best thing in the world, and it is the only thing worth having. Without it you amount to nothing."*

Remembrance of my grandfather goes back to my early years. When I was a little fellow, Mother took me to her home in Dresden and left me there for the summer in order that I might become better acquainted with her father. One impression I have carried with me ever since is that Grandfather Etheridge read the Bible for 15 or 20 minutes every night before retiring. I know this, for I slept in his room. No, Grandfather Etheridge was not a "free thinker."

Emma Etheridge, my mother, was born at Dresden, Tennessee, August 6, 1850. Her mother died when she was a young girl, and her father, then a member of Congress, took her along with him to Washington. Proper care and supervision of the activities of a little child would have been then, as now, impossible for a busy congressman. Where the child should live was a question. Then on the advice of Senator Honoré of Illinois, Grandfather, a Methodist, placed my mother in Visitation Convent at Georgetown. Senator Honoré's daughter, who became Mrs. Potter Palmer, also attended the convent.

Mother remained at Visitation Convent until graduation, and during this time she conceived an affection for the school that never left her so long as she lived. During her Washington years, and they were more than just a few, she met a great many interesting and famous people. Though I have no recollection of Mother ever preening over the fact that she had met them, their names did enter into conversations and discussions with the children of our family as we grew along. Those who seem to have impressed her most were Ex-President of the United States and Mrs. Tyler, General William T. Sherman, and Mr. Jefferson Davis, who later became president of the Confederacy.

The Sherman acquaintance became a friendship that was carried over all the years he lived and his son, Father Tom Sherman, carried it on through many more.

Mother thoroughly enjoyed her years in Washington, those spent in school and after graduation. In addition to receiving a broad general education, Mother learned to play the harp at Visitation Convent and often in later years entertained the family with its music.

Mother became a convert to the Catholic Faith while in school, and such she remained, devoted, eager, and loyal throughout all the rest of her life.

When Father brought his bride, my mother, to Detroit, she had but few friends and not many acquaintances. But as soon as she was established and accustomed to her new home, she interested herself in charitable activities. Other activities also claimed her time and attention. Detroit was in need, as it seems Detroit always has been, of a new hospital or in any event, many more hospital beds. Learning of this, she joined the group which was interested in establishing Providence Hospital. I have been told by many people that her interest and youthful enthusiasm for the project was of great help in carrying the erection and equipping and beginning of service in the hospital to its conclusion. But Providence Hospital was not her only hospital interest. She hadn't been here many years when she became president of the St. Mary's Hospital Auxiliary. The House of the Good Shepherd was one of her interests and she was very active in that work. The Catholic Orphanage for Boys claimed her attention, too.

Women's clubs and patriotic societies took a share of Mother's time, appreciated her abilities, and honored her in various ways, one of which was by electing her president of the Michigan Chapter of the United States Daughters of 1812. She served one term.

Mother was happy with Father, just as Father was

happy with her. Believing in and interested in large families well cared for, Father and Mother had ten children. Unfortunately, four of these died before her death in 1917.

World War I was raging when Mother died. Her three sons and three sons-in-law were in military service. It is regrettable, but several of them were engaged on far away missions at the time.

Mother must have been proud of her sons and her sons-in-law away at war, for in a letter she wrote to a friend following their enlistments is a sentence to cherish. She wrote, "*Pray that the boys may be saved from disaster or so live as to be ready to die.*" No mother could ask for more.

Chapter VII

The Children of John Vallee and Emma Etheridge Moran

JOHAN VALLEE MORAN, my father, and his wife Emma Etheridge, my mother, welcomed ten children into the world during the early years of their marriage between 1881 and 1893. At the present time (1948) only three of us are still alive. They are Marie Stephanie, Cyril, and John Bell, the compiler. A short resume of the careers of the ten children comprises the major portion of this chapter.

Valerie Etheridge Moran, the eldest child, was born September 2, 1881. In 1905 on January 26 she married Emory L. Ford, who was born at New Albany, Indiana, on January 3, 1876. They had one child, Emory Moran Ford. He was born April 19, 1906. Tragedy entered his life the day he was born, for on that day his mother died.

Emory Moran Ford married Laura Evans of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, October 7, 1933. They have two children, Tom, who was born in July of 1938, and Emory M. Ford, Jr., born in September, 1943.

Emory L. Ford, my sister's husband, died when aged 66 on December 20, 1942. He had lived an active and useful life, during which time he was president of and one of the owners of the Michigan Alakali Company. For some time he served as president of the J. B. Ford Company. But despite the time consumed in the direction of these great corporations, he found time for activity in other businesses. His interests were very many; but in addition to these he was a prominent civic leader in Detroit. He

was one of the founders of the Detroit Community Fund and during World War I he was a director of shipping for the American Red Cross.

Justine Semmes Moran, the second child, was born April 19, 1883. She married Lieutenant Charles W. McClure, Seventh U. S. Infantry on April 17, 1909. Justine was ill at the time, but she insisted that the marriage be not postponed. The result was that her marriage vows were spoken before Bishop Foley while she lay propped up in her bed. She recovered soon afterwards, and within a few days after her marriage she left with her husband for the Philippine Islands. Nearly all of their brief wedded career was passed in the Philippines. She returned to the United States during the summer of 1917 and died that fall on November 21. She left an infant daughter, Valerie Justine, who was born in the August preceding her death. McClure was a strong man, a good soldier and officer of the United States Army. He distinguished himself greatly under General Hunter Liggett in the Battle of the Argonne during October and November of 1918. Colonel McClure died in spring of 1940.

Valerie Justine McClure married Ray Severson. The couple reside in San Francisco and have one son. His name is John Thomas.

The next child born of the union between my Father and Emma Etheridge was Emerson Etheridge Moran. He was born on April 20, 1884. Never married, he died on March 8, 1927. Emerson Etheridge attended Georgetown University, where he became interested in athletics. During World War I he served in the United States Navy.

Etheridge, or "Eth" as he was known, retired from business at rather an early age but not from constructive activity. As soon as he quit business he undertook arduous assignments in the American Legion and in veterans' relief work. The illness which brought about his retirement was

long and tiring, but he never lost his courage. A news item published during his last illness stated: "'Eth' as he is affectionately known by his hundreds of friends has made a game battle for life, and the fact that he is still among us is due to his courage and red-blooded American spirit more than to medical skill and science."

James Granville Moran followed the writer into the family. He was born September 15, 1886, and died at Tuscon, Arizona, November 5, 1912.

Marie Stephanie was the sixth child. She was born June 11, 1888. As soon as she was old enough she was sent to Georgetown Visitation Convent, Washington, D. C., Mother's school, from which she graduated, and at the time received the Loretto Medal, Visitation's highest honor. An April 4, 1912, she married William Van Husen Moore, son of William A. Moore, prominent Detroit lawyer and in what seems to have become a Moran tradition, he became a Detroit Fire Commissioner, serving for some time and accomplishing some enviable results. William Van Husen Moore came from a splendid old Detroit family. His grandfather was a Detroit lawyer, a successful and well-known attorney in early Detroit and also one of the organizers of the Wayne County Savings Bank, about which more detail will appear in the next chapter.

William Van Husen Moore attended Cleveland University School and later the University of Michigan. As we make this family story ready for publication, he is president of the Cummings-Moore Graphite Company. The firm has its factory in Detroit and its mines in Sonora, Mexico. Three children brighten the home of the Moores, William John, who during World War II was with the American Ambulance Service in India; Jane, and Catherine.

Francis Lyster Moran's birthdate was August 14, 1889. He was brought up just as John Vallee did the others. After finishing Detroit Central High School, he entered

the University of Michigan, College of Engineering, and should have graduated in the class of 1913. Tragedy stalked him as it has so many of our family. At the age of twenty-one he was killed by a train near Ann Arbor. The accident happened in July of 1910 during the summer session of his freshman year.

Margaret Elise Moran was born October 15, 1890, and lived to the age of 54. She died on November 5, 1944. Her school was the Sacred Heart Academy at Lake Forest, Illinois, and then Georgetown Visitation Convent. On May 14 of 1917 she married Richard Thornton Brodhead, who served with distinction in the United States Navy both in World War I and World War II. He was retired because of age on April 1, 1943, having served the Navy for forty-six years of combined active and reserve duty. Entering the Navy as an apprentice seaman; he rose through all the ranks to that of Captain before he died. During his lifetime Richard Thornton Brodhead served as commander of the Detroit Naval Armory Training School and as officer in command of the Second Naval Reserve Area. Mrs. Brodhead (Margaret Elise Moran) was always a willing helper in patriotic and charitable enterprises. Two sons and a daughter were born to Captain and Mrs. Brodhead: Margaret Elise, named for her mother, married Ensign James M. Tate, U.S.N.; Richard became a gunnery officer in the Navy. John, the youngest, also entered the Navy and is now an Ensign.

Edward Barnard Moran, ninth in John Vallee's family, was born December 14, 1891, and died in infancy.

Cyril Godfrey Moran, the youngest, was born March 3, 1893, grew up in the established family pattern and married Lila Fisher of Philadelphia. During World War I he served in the United States Navy and in World War II was commissioned Lieutenant Commander. He is now (1948) a Department Commander in the Navy. After

World War I Cyril engaged in newspaper work in Philadelphia. He and his wife have one daughter, Valerie Justine.

Fourth child of the marriage between John Vallee Moran and Emma Etheridge is the compiler, John Bell Moran, born July 27, 1885, at 608 (*old number*) East Jefferson Avenue in the house which still stands next door to a large warehouse on the corner.

Because my original conception of this story about Detroit and the Family Moran was to inform my children and their descendants about the families from which they spring, I dwell more lengthily on my personal history than I have on that of my sisters and brothers. My children and their descendants stem from my marriage to Serena Murphy and because the mother is at least equally important to the children and their descendants as is the father I go into much more detail than I have in discussing the backgrounds of those who married into the Moran family.

The first school I attended was privately operated by a Miss Thompson just a short distance from home on East Congress Street. A little later I could be seen running up and down the halls and playing in the yard of the old Barstow School at Larned and Riopelle. Completing my grade work there I attended Central High School in Detroit. I entered Notre Dame University at South Bend in the fall of 1903 and remained there until June, 1906. Two years of this time I studied electricity.

Upon leaving the University was employed by the Grand Rapids, Holland and Chicago Railroad. I remained with this concern for two years, and upon looking back conclude these experiences were lasting and valuable.

During 1908 and 1909 I was gainfully employed in building long distance telephone lines throughout Eastern Michigan, my employer being the Interstate Telephone Company. I left this position to enter the employ of the Detroit United Railways, serving there for a time as night

superintendent of the Flint, Michigan, carlines and later in other capacities.

Detroit was growing rapidly by 1909 and the beginning of the year 1910 found me operating on my own because opportunities in the real estate and construction business were very good for anyone who would seize upon them. I began to subdivide lands and sold many houses in the west end of the City.

War was in the air through the last two and one-half years of this activity and as a result when the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, New York was opened I entered an application for training and was accepted. Following President Wilson's declaration that a "State of War exists between United States and Germany" I was enrolled in the first Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, near Chicago. It wasn't long before I was commissioned First Lieutenant in the Field Artillery. The Tank Corps had been organized and in 1918 I was assigned to serve with this group. I served under the officer who in World War II became Supreme Commander of all the Allied Armies in Europe, General "Ike" Eisenhower.

Following my military discharge at Camp Dix in December, 1918, I returned to Detroit and again entered the real estate business, building and selling houses in the industrial area of west side Detroit. These activities brought me into many conferences at the City Hall and gave me added practical experience which enabled me to accept appointment to the City Planning Commission in the late 1920's.

In 1921 it was my privilege to help organize the Detroit Historical Society which I have served continuously as a trustee until the present time. I was Treasurer for many years and later became President of the Society, but resigned this office at the beginning of World War II, when I was offered and accepted a Commission as Major in the

Adjutant General's Department of the Army. For the next two years, Officer Procurement for the Army in the State of Michigan was my severe responsibility. I say "severe" because I was in charge of the Michigan program. Completing this task I requested and was placed on inactive duty as of December 3, 1943.

I have been associated with various enterprises over a period of years. At the present time I am serving as a Director on the boards of the Simon J. Murphy Company, Woodmere Cemetery, Windmill Pointe Land Company, Penobscot Iron Ore Company, the Detroit Historical Society; President and Director of Moran Motors in El Monte, California, and as Trustee of the Murphy Ranch in California.

Serena K. Murphy and I were married April 7, 1915 at the home of the bride's parents then located at Putnam and Woodward Avenues. This site is now included in the grounds of the Detroit Public Library.

Serena is the descendant of a lumbering family, her ancestors having been Maine, Michigan and California lumbermen for several generations.

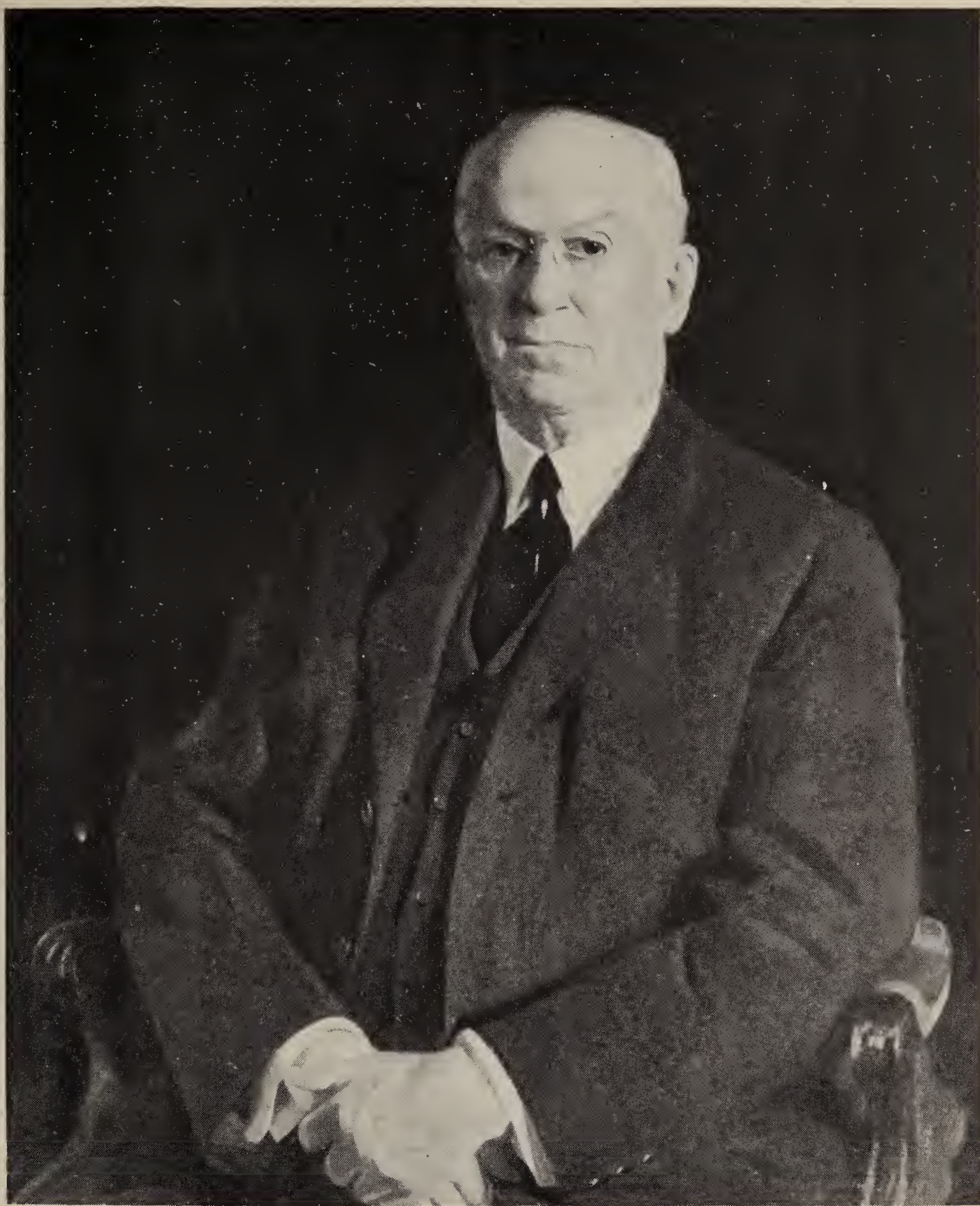
Her grandfather, Simon J. Murphy, was born at Windsor, Maine, April 22, 1815. After several false starts in business he achieved a relative degree of prosperity and established his home in Bangor, where William H. Murphy, father of Serena was born June 18, 1855.

In 1866 Simon J. Murphy transferred his operations to Michigan and established the new family home at the corner of West Fort Street and Fourth Avenue, then a residential center of importance in Detroit. He became and long remained one of Michigan's leading lumbermen, and in Detroit associated himself with various important commercial and financial organizations. He passed away on February 1, 1905. His wife, Ann Montgomery Dorr Murphy, whom he had married in 1845, had died two

years earlier, but several of their twelve children survived to continue the family line.

William H. Murphy was a boy of eleven when his parents removed to Detroit. From boyhood until the last night of his long life, music was his chief diversion. He graduated from the old Detroit High School in Capitol Park in 1875, and then attended the University of Michigan for two years. While still in high school he organized an orchestra and in 1873 joined the Detroit Musical Society, playing second violin in its group of thirty-five musicians. At Ann Arbor he became a member of the Glee Club, Orchestra and a church choir. Increasing deafness, a lifelong handicap, compelled him to leave the University and spend a year in Boston, taking medical treatment and attending business college.

Upon returning to Michigan Mr. Murphy went to Bay City, where his father had a mill, to start in the lumber business. Here, characteristically, he soon organized an orchestra, composed of local amateur musicians. About 1881 he returned to Detroit to work beside his father in the conduct of the family business; but he continued to play in an orchestra and eventually assumed a leading role in the Detroit Orchestral Association. In the early years of the nineteenth century this association brought to Detroit many of the symphony orchestras of the great eastern cities. Some years later this association merged with the Detroit Orchestra Association which brought Ossip Gabrilowitsch to Detroit as conductor. Under "Gabby's" guidance the Detroit Symphony Orchestra became one of the leading organizations of its kind in the world. For its use, beautiful Orchestra Hall at Woodward Avenue and Orchestra Place was built. Back of the orchestra and its brilliant leader, as President of the Association, at all times stood the powerful figure of William H. Murphy. He gave to the Orchestra its magnificent pipe organ and heavier sub-



WILLIAM H. MURPHY
From a Painting by Leopold Seyffert

scriptions for maintenance than were ever made public.

Mr. Murphy died in 1929. At the time panic was sweeping the nation. Years of economic confusion and distress followed during which the orchestra lost its beautiful home. In recent years Orchestra Hall has become a notable palace of jazz, and is called the Paradise Theater.

Mr. Murphy's will left \$250,000 in trust for use by the Orchestra, conditional upon the maintenance of proper musical standards. Lesser bequests were made to numerous other civic and educational institutions.

Headquarters of the Murphy business in the eighties were located in the old Moffat Block at the southwest corner of Fort and Griswold Streets. In 1904 the first unit of the present vast Penobscot Building was erected, fronting on Fort Street adjoining the Moffat Block. Ten years later a 22-story addition facing Congress Street was erected in the rear of the first unit. Some fifteen years later the Moffat Building was razed and on its site the imposing 47-story final unit of the Penobscot Building was erected. The name given the building recalls to memory the river valley where Simon J. Murphy first worked as a lumberman.

Along with his many other interests, William H. Murphy was one of the earliest investors to interest himself in the possibilities of the automobile. As early as 1876 he journeyed to Philadelphia to examine a steam-propelled "horseless carriage," and two decades later when Henry Ford produced his first experimental car and was seeking financial backing to further its development, Mr. Murphy informed him that money would be forthcoming so soon as the inventor could satisfy him that the new creation was a practicable vehicle of transportation. A test run to Farmington and Pontiac was arranged for, and its successful completion convinced Mr. Murphy of the future in store for the gas-driven vehicle. As a result, the Detroit

Automobile Company was founded by Mr. Murphy and four associates who provided \$50,000 as capital, Mr. Ford being employed as chief engineer and given a one-sixth interest in the business.

The anticipated success was not realized and Mr. Ford soon left the Company, which the remaining stock-holders reorganized as the Cadillac Motor Company. Its first car was the single-cylinder or "one-lung" Cadillac, a pronounced success, both financially and mechanically. The Company subsequently produced the first four-cylinder car, in the United States, and eventually developed the V-type eight cylinder motor. The name Cadillac has been associated with aristocracy in motordom so long that but few of the present-day generation know that for almost a whole decade the Cadillac Motor Company made and sold a car for a few hundred dollars, competing successfully with Olds and other low-price class manufacturers. When William C. Durant organized the General Motors Company in 1909, the Cadillac Company and its cars became the principal mainstay and money-maker of the new organization.

Bare mention can here be made of certain other activities of William H. Murphy. He organized the Murphy Power Company and built a huge electrical powerhouse and central heating plant which were later absorbed by the Detroit Edison Company. In 1917, with several associates, he organized the Lincoln Motor Company for the sole purpose of producing efficient airplane engines for the use of the government in World War I. The Liberty Motor was the only product of this plant. The building and equipping of it and getting into production was one of the most celebrated mechanical achievements of the time.

Mr. Murphy was an enthusiastic supporter of the Detroit Institute of Arts when it was first launched. He gave \$50,000 for a musical center at the University of Michigan, to sample further some of his widespread cultural interests.

My wife had a brother of whom I was very fond; Charles Hayward, born December 9, 1882. As only male heir to his father's extensive business enterprises, he was for many years one of the City's foremost industrial leaders. Business cares aside, he was a man of many hobbies, but chiefly he was a Fire Department fan. In his extensive travels, he never failed to visit and inspect the local Fire Department. He was an ardent devotee of the theater, where his mechanical tastes led him to master all the intricacies of the backstage gadgets and paraphernalia. He was also an amateur photographer of great ability.

Charles Hayward Murphy married Rebecca Knox Steele of Chicago on April 21, 1908. He died after a brief illness, in his fifty-eighth year, April 13, 1941.

Serena Murphy and John Bell Moran, the narrator, are the parents of four children. Our first child, Charles Vallee Moran, was born May 26, 1918. We placed him in the Detroit University School as a small child, where he remained through his primary and "grade school." After this he attended Canterbury School for a short time and later Cheshire Academy for his academic work. Both of these schools are located in Connecticut. He then entered the University of Virginia. It was unfortunate that soon after this he was hurt in an automobile accident and could not attend classes regularly. In 1939 he left the University and after a short time at home he concluded that outdoor business would be the thing for him, whereupon he went to the West Coast, and worked at the Pacific Lumber Company at Scotia, California. In 1939, Sarah Lorene Grove, a California girl, claimed his interest and attention. After a courtship lasting eighteen months or more, he and Sarah Lorene were married in Reno on June 7, 1941. They now make their home at San Moreno, California.

Charles Vallee is now in the automobile business in El Monte, California, just a few miles east of Los Angeles,

where two active young sons brighten their home. Charles V. Moran II, was born October 9, 1943, and his brother, George Grove, was born April 3, 1945.

William Hayward Moran, the second son of John Bell and Serena, was born March 7, 1920. He gained his preliminary education at the Detroit University School and academic work at Avon Old Farms in Connecticut. Graduating from Avon Old Farms, William Hayward entered Cornell University where he studied architecture. Studies were interrupted by World War II and he joined the United States Navy. Upon induction he received six months midshipman course at Columbia University where he graduated as an Ensign in October, 1943. Following this he was sent to the Pacific Coast and then assigned to the South Pacific area, where he served at Guadalcanal, Guam and the Battle of Pelileu. He was with the naval forces off the coast of Japan when that country capitulated. In the Fall of 1945 he was advanced in rank to Lieutenant (j.g.). He returned to the United States under orders early in 1946, and was transferred to the Navy Department, Special Devices Division, Washington, D. C. In early May, 1946, he was relieved from active duty.

Serena Etheridge Moran, only daughter in the family was born January 16, 1922. She attended Sacred Heart Convent in Norton, Connecticut, and Bennington College, Vermont. But, before entering Bennington College she spent two years in Detroit, active in Red Cross work. On February 10, 1945 she married Edward Schmidt, Jr. of Beverly Hills, California. Edward, known as "Bob," was born in Los Angeles, where his grandfather, of Danish ancestry, settled while the present large city was a very small town. Here he acquired a farm. The Ambassador Hotel, on Wilshire Boulevard, occupies a portion of this property now.

Bob's father founded the successful and prominent

tailoring business, known as "Eddie Schmidt," now situate on Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills. Mr. Schmidt was killed in an automobile accident about eight years ago and since then Bob has carried the business on in a successful manner.


The Schmidts have two children: Ragnhild, who was born in Pasadena, on December 4, 1945; and Serena, who was born on June 4, 1947. They now reside at Bel-Air, Los Angeles.

Our youngest, John Bell Moran, Jr., was born January 1, 1925 at Detroit. As did his brothers, he received his preliminary training at Detroit University School, thence Georgetown Preparatory School. At the age of eighteen he enlisted in the Navy but he was unable to enter active service. Just before he was to leave for the Naval Training Station he was badly injured in an automobile accident, which so affected one of his legs that he was discharged from the Navy following reexamination for physical condition. This enabled him to continue his education and in the spring of the year (1943) he entered the University of California at Los Angeles. After spending a year at U.C.L.A. he transferred to Georgetown University in Washington, D. C.

On July 10, 1948, John Bell, Jr. married Joyce Skelton, daughter of Owen R. Skelton of Grosse Pointe, Michigan. Joyce's father is an eminent automobile engineer.

Chapter VIII

As I Remember

 WAS BORN July 27, 1885, at 608 (old numbering) East Jefferson Avenue at Orleans in Detroit. The house is still standing next door to the old Leonard Storage Warehouse, now used as the distribution center for a Detroit owned, national hotel chain.

My earliest recollections are of being wakened in the morning by the noise of caulking hammers, tapping oakum into the seams between the planks of wooden ships under construction at the foot of Orleans Street; or on other mornings by the clop, clop, clop of horses moving horse-cars along Jefferson Avenue. Upon arising I was compelled to eat oatmeal each morning for breakfast. I didn't like it then and never have acquired a taste for it, nor do I eat it now. Needless to say, none of my four children were ever forced to partake of oatmeal and so far as I know none of them ever have eaten it.

When I was five years of age my family purchased from Henry B. Ledyard, the home at 584 (now 1551) East Jefferson Avenue, between Orleans and Riopelle, and there the family lived, one block west of the old home, until shortly after my father's death in 1920. The property was sold for over a thousand dollars a front foot during the real estate boom in the 1920's. Frontage prices have dropped since then, and today (1948) the same land can be purchased for about a quarter of this sum.

Until the late 1880's, horse-cars, old fashioned ones, were still used on Jefferson Avenue, their tracks extending "all the way" to Mt. Elliott Avenue, then the Eastern City Limits. It was there the cobblestone pavement ended.

When the street cars were electrified in the late eighties or very early nineties the line was extended east to Baldwin Avenue. There stood a toll gate. In successive steps, as Jefferson Avenue was paved on eastward, the car line was extended to Water Works Park, and then to Fisher Road in Grosse Pointe Farms. Near the end of the century, an interurban line was built from this point along the shore of Lake St. Clair and into Mt. Clemens.

The influence of the bicycle during the 1890's caused change of main street pavements to asphalt, and about this time hard rubber tires replaced the steel wheel rims of carriages, ambulances, fire apparatus and other conveyances.

The first motor cars appeared shortly after the new century. In our immediate neighborhood, Henry B. Joy, Russell Alger, Harold Ducharme and a few others were the first to acquire the "contraptions" and were considered quite daring to drive them. In late 1902, the entire Packard factory was moved from Warren, Ohio to Detroit with Henry B. Joy its new president. In 1903, Packard's first production year, 200 cars were completed.

It seems to me that we had heavier snows during the winters when I was a boy than we have now, though exceptions are the years 1944 and 1945 when Detroit was just about snowed in. In winter, before motor-driven trucks and light delivery cars came into use, many horse-drawn vehicles were made into sleds by removal of the wheels which were replaced by runners. Sharp caulks were fitted into the shoes of horses enabling them to get traction on ice and in snow. Everyone in our neighborhood had cutters or large sleds for winter transportation.

East Lafayette Avenue was the speedway for horse fanciers who hitched their steeds to cutters, but when Grand Boulevard west of Woodward Avenue was completed, cutter racing was transferred out there.

The first school I attended was kept by a Miss

Thompson on East Congress Street. One of my schoolmates was E. P. Hammond, grandson of George H. Hammond, an early industrial leader. I have discussed the Hammonds at length in an earlier chapter.

Another of my schoolmates was Alpheus Jennings. His father, Dr. C. G. Jennings, was one of Detroit's outstanding physicians, and a noted authority on tropical diseases. Also an enthusiastic yachtsman, Dr. Jennings sailed in all of our boat races on Lake St. Clair. Alpheus followed in his father's footsteps. He became an able physician and a yachtsman as well. Following his father's death Alpheus became head of the Charles Godwin Jennings Hospital. He died November 16, 1945. This hospital is a fitting and deserved monument to the name "Jennings."

Still another of my schoolmates was Francis Palms, who later became an officer and a director of the Michigan Stove Works.

In January, 1893, Capitol High School, which occupied the ancient State Capitol Building in Capitol Park, fronting on State Street between Griswold and Shelby, burned. As a temporary measure the Board of Education took over the old Biddle House, put some fire escapes on the Jefferson Avenue front, and transformed the interior enough to permit its being used as a high school. For several years this makeshift building was utilized as a High School, but at last a new building was completed out north at Cass and Warren Avenues. It is the massive structure which in recent years has been the principal building of overcrowded Wayne University.

Until I entered Central High School I was not acquainted with any of the people who lived in the North Woodward section. Although a new pupil is commonly hazed some I escaped it, probably because a large crowd of boys from our section went to the new school together. We were too numerous for the northenders to handle.

I shall never forget one of my teachers at Central. Her name was Miss Munger and because of an incident occasioned by my having taken my sister to the train at the old Michigan Central Station then located at the foot of Third Street, I got into trouble. After getting my sister started on her journey I went on to school by street car where I stood in the rear and smoked a cigarette. Arriving at school it was necessary to go to Miss Munger and explain my tardiness. As I walked into the room and neared her desk, she half rose from her chair, leaned forward, and said: "You have been smoking, haven't you?"

I admitted that I had.

"Well," she replied, "how dare you come around these nice young ladies with the odor of tobacco permeating your person? Get out of this room, and stay out."

So I went home and told my father I had been "thrown out of school for smoking a cigarette," explaining to him I had not done so on the school premises.

Father then went to see Mr. MacKenzie, the principal, and told him he believed the school authorities were rather overstepping their authority in taking such action. As a result of this conversation I was immediately reinstated.

I suppose Miss Munger regretted her hasty action, for probably half of all the boys who attended Central High School at that time were smoking cigarettes. For some reason, however, cigarette smoking was looked down upon in my early years. Nevertheless I had learned to smoke around the age of sixteen or seventeen.

Father did not want any of his sons to smoke and offered each of us a thousand dollars provided we would not smoke until we were twenty-one. I told him I did not want the money because, "once in awhile I like to smoke a cigarette." "Don't let me ever catch you doing it around the house," he said, and I agreed that I would be very careful not to do so.

As I remember men were not frowned upon for smoking pipes or cigars, but cigarette users were criticized. This attitude was so general that it was actually harmful to a person's business standing if he became known as a cigarette smoker. "Cigarette fiend," was a common, derogatory expression. Henry N. Leland, who was director of the Cadillac Motor Company at this time, posted a standing rule that any employee caught smoking a cigarette on the factory premises would be discharged. Years later Henry Ford conducted a public crusade against cigarette smoking. In those days the smoker commonly rolled his own and in some states laws were passed to prohibit the sale of cigarette papers. These laws were generally ignored by both dealers and smokers, but evasion of the law was simple: papers were given away.

The Anti-Cigarette Campaign, though nation-wide, never reached the proportions of that conducted against Coca-Cola by many chapters of the W.C.T.U. These groups went so far, in some localities, as to advertise on billboards and banners draped over building fronts "Avoid Coca-Cola it has cocaine." The Coca-Cola Company stopped this libel in a hurry. Coca-Cola did not and never has contained cocaine. This false impression came through confusing Coca-Cola, the soft drink, with a proprietary remedy that was widely advertised as a pain killer in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

Neighbors saw a lot more of each other in the nineties than they do at present. On pleasant summer evenings rugs were placed on the stone front steps and people sat out through the long twilight. Neighbors could see and hear one another on their steps and there was a good deal of visiting back and forth. About nine-thirty the neighborhood young people would go to the corner drug store for an ice cream soda. Then it cost but five cents.

One of our most welcome guests at home was Father

Tom Sherman. He was a Jesuit missionary, the son of the famous Civil War general who was an old friend of my mother's when she lived in Washington, D. C. I think Father Tom never came to Detroit without coming to our home for an evening meal. He had been everywhere, it seemed to me, and each time he came he brought a host new and interesting stories. We boys and the rest of the family always looked forward to his visits.

Among others of our always-welcome guests was Kitty Cheatham. Kitty had a national reputation as an actress and was always in demand by producers. Another actress of no mean ability was Angela McCall. We were always glad to have her come to visit. Miss McCall was very well known to Detroiters just after the turn of the century because for many years she joined the Pike Stock Company when it came here for the summer season.

Those meals! If an inanimate object could groan, our table would have done so. Father was really a wonderful provider. Being in the grocery business, he knew foods, and we always had the best. I sometimes wonder how we ever succeeded in consuming the gigantic spreads which were served at home.

We had a large sideboard in our dining room, and on it was always a good supply of wine and spirits. Neither wine nor spirits were forbidden to the older children by Father. He did, however, give us all to understand that we must never drink in a saloon, that if we thought we had to taste of alcohol, we should do it at home. He hoped, though, that we would wait until we were grown before drinking at all.

The home on the right of my father's was occupied by Don M. Dickinson, Postmaster General, and later on by Henry Thurber, who served as private secretary to President Cleveland. On one of Cleveland's visits to Detroit, he visited the Dickinson home, escorted by a detachment of

troops and the military band from Fort Wayne. I was called in by my parents to be cleaned up, for we were to go next door and meet the President. Though this was an honor, I resented it, being much more interested in standing at the curb watching the troops and the band. Such is the mind of a boy.

Detroit sidewalks used to be made of huge flagstones laid side by side. When winter came the freezing of the earth beneath would heave these flagstones, some up, others down, thus making the joints uneven. After-dark walking was dangerous unless extreme care was exercised, for stumbles and falls as a result of catching a shoe tip against a raised edge were frequent.

A flagstone company was located on Franklin Street between Riopelle and Rivard. Large blocks of sandstone were set in a machine, then ten or twelve knives would work slowly back and forth, cutting the blocks into flat even flagstones for the sidewalks. It took a long time to slice these blocks, but it was an absorbing operation for a youngster to watch.

Most of the side streets of town had plank sidewalks, and after these were well worn the nails which held the cross boards to the stringers would rise. These protruding nail heads were the cause of many a nasty fall to pedestrians at night.

Many of the houses on Jefferson Avenue had iron picket fences with gates opening in from the flagstone sidewalks. The first adventure on my own as a child was to climb on the gate and swing. I remember doing this when I was just about four, thinking while I stood on the gate's lower rail and hung to its bars with my hands, "I am a big boy now."

Other than the main avenues, most of the streets were paved with rounded cedar blocks laid in rows. Since the blocks were cross-cut from trunks of small trees, there

were plenty of holes between them. These were filled with gravel which was leveled off and covered with hot tar as a binder. These blocks made splendid pavement for the first few years, except that after a long rainy spell the blocks would become thoroughly soaked and expand forcing sections of pavement loose, leaving large puddles of water on which the paving blocks floated. The neighborhood youngsters had gay times in these puddles where they waded around pushing paving blocks imagining them to be Naval ships engaged in battle.

Father was a man of great dignity, but he was very kind and although he was strict with us, we never feared him. Early in life we learned to respect his judgments because he was always fair.

I was an average boy, I suppose, and on occasion my father would punish me soundly for misdeeds. One of my earliest chastisings occurred when the Rickel Malt House at Gratiot and Dequindre burned. I must have been about eight years old at the time, because it was when the hose companies still carried big reels on their carts and by the mid-nineties, hose carrying methods were changed. I ran out Orleans Street to see the blaze and when I came home about nine o'clock in the evening the house was in an uproar. No one knew where I was, and they were all afraid I had been kidnapped.

"Where have you been?" was the first question, and when I said, "Why I have been to see the fire"; Wow! my troubles began.

My worst punishments were for riding freight trains at night. We boys would go down to the foot of Orleans Street and ride the Grand Trunk freight part way to Milwaukee Junction three miles north in Detroit. My brother was once arrested for this, and Father had to go to police headquarters to secure his release. That bit of fun brought stiff punishment.

We had a strawberry patch at Grosse Pointe, and because of it Father and punishment caught up with me. I was very fond of ripe strawberries, so one Sunday morning I went into the garden and was busily picking and eating the big juicy berries when Father caught me. "I want you to get out of the strawberry patch," he said. "You get your share at the table and it is hardly fair to the rest of the family for you to be taking extra berries out of the patch. Mind what I tell you, I don't want to find you in there again." So I got out; he went to the barn, stepped into his buggy and drove off. I supposed he would be gone an hour or more.

As soon as Father was out of sight I went back to the strawberry patch and resumed my feast of forbidden fruit. I was eating the berries at a great rate when he, knowing boys, suddenly came up behind me and wrapped his buggy whip around my legs. I left the patch in a hurry, and from then on resisted this particular temptation successfully.

Nowadays, it seems to me, parents do not punish their children as frequently as in my childhood and youth. Yet the problem of instilling obedience by some means or other remains. My own children have been chastised but seldom. When my two oldest boys were about four and six, they developed a habit of kicking their nurse on the shins; an extremely painful practice. The result was a rapid turnover of nurses in our family. We employed one nurse at nine o'clock in the morning and she left us at two o'clock that afternoon. Her shins, already, were turning blue.

Although I talked to the boys; tried sending them to bed without supper, nothing had any effect upon them until I finally achieved a cure by using some of their own "bad medicine." Seating each boy on a chair at separate times, I placed my hands inside a pair of shoes, then worked the shoes against their shins a few times making such an

impression on them that shin-kicking for pleasure was abandoned forever.

Many of our Jefferson Avenue neighbors had summer homes near ours in Grosse Pointe, and later some of them built all-year homes on their property. Among them was Emory Clark who built on part of our old farm.

We usually moved to the Pointe as soon as school closed in June and remained there until it reopened in the fall. We always drove out because there was no other means of transportation. Nearly everyone along the shore owned a boat and as soon as the sons were old enough to handle one, small sailboats were given them.

Men of the families had to drive to Detroit and back for business each day. Returning home Father brought fresh meat, fruits, groceries and other household needs. Of course we had crisp, delicious vegetables and certain fruits in season raised right on the farm and we used these whenever possible.

For about two years the Grosse Pointe business men used a leased yacht to get to Detroit. The yacht left the old Hendrie dock, opposite the John W. Anderson residence of today, at about eight-thirty in the morning and returned near six o'clock. Carts, buggies and carriages containing members of various families lined up along Lakeshore Road each evening waiting for dads to come home. In later years, special transportation became unnecessary because the interurban railway cancelled the need. Thus disappeared another friendly custom of the "good old days."

In the middle of Lake St. Clair, alongside the channel, and directly opposite our summer home lay the Lake St. Clair Lightship. As I first remember it the huge beacon that surrounded the mast was lighted by kerosene lamps. I think there were about ten of them. The assembly was lowered at daylight when the beacon lamps and reflector

mirrors were thoroughly cleaned and conditioned for the coming night. Four or five men made up the crew. In addition there was a French-Canadian named Joe. He was the ship's cook. The meals he turned out were marvelous. Frequently, my brother and I would row or sail out with a basket of fresh vegetables gathered as a present for Joe and the crew. We had our time figured pretty closely so we usually arrived at the time crew completed their daily chores. Following this they often caught fresh fish for supper. In return for our gifts they invariably invited us to remain for the evening meal. Food never tasted better. Joe's fish were superb. On arriving home we began to plan how soon we could go again. The Lake St. Clair light is still a ship (located farther east near the canal along the channel) but there is no crew aboard and the light is an automatic flasher which uses gas supplied from tanks below deck for fuel. The machine Age has destroyed the romantic adventure of my youth.

The Grosse Pointe Club was formed so the residents might have a little social life in the summer, but the Club soon faded. Mrs. Horace Dodge's beautiful home now occupies the site. The Club was later reorganized as the Detroit Country Club which laid out golf links on the land now occupied by the Grosse Pointe High School, Grosse Pointe Country Day School and Grosse Pointe Christ Church. Later on, as this property became more valuable and the leases expired, the Country Club built a new golf course on the Weir farm. Some years later it was rearranged into what it is today. If my memory serves me correctly, a Mr. Ray and Archie Simpson were the Club's first golf professionals.

Years ago there was a race track in Grosse Pointe called Hamilton Park. Mrs. Henry B. Joy built her home on the southern half of this area and still lives there. On Saturdays, horse fanciers took their mounts to the track

for tryouts. Many impromptu and exciting races developed at these gatherings, where my uncle, Fred T. Moran, an ardent trotting horse fancier was always in the thick of the activity. Inside of the race track was a nine-hole golf course, a crude one according to present standards, but it served its purpose. The first golf course in the city was on the Hendrie property to the west of Fox Creek. It was called "Wannakin Links."

I remember just a little about another race track but I can still close my eyes and see the long white-washed wooden fence that marked its Jefferson Avenue boundary. This track was in what is now known as Indian Village, and once or twice when very young I was taken there, happening to be with Mother and Father as they drove to the farm. They had gone inside to watch the races or visit and having no place to put me, I accompanied them. Another race track was located about six miles from the center of town. This property is now occupied by the Highland Park Plant of the Ford Motor Company.

Belle Isle was our largest and best city park. It was purchased by the City on the recommendation of the Park Commission while my uncle, William B. Moran, was a member. The City paid \$250,000 for it but today as presently developed it could not be priced under \$25,000,000.

The Detroit Boat Club had its original Club House on the mainland where the Parke, Davis Plant now stands. Later on the Club leased a site from the City on Belle Isle near the end of the bridge. One after the other, two handsome frame club houses were constructed but both were destroyed by fire. The present Club House, designed by Alpheus Chittenden, is the third one built on this site. Julia Marlowe, on one of her trips here, told me that in her opinion it was the most beautiful building of its kind in America.

At a later date, Senator Thomas W. Palmer gave

Palmer Park to the City and about twenty-five years ago, the properties comprising River Rouge and Zachariah Chandler Parks were purchased and developed, by the City of Detroit.

The Belle Isle and Windsor Ferry Company had three ships that travelled between the foot of Woodward and the ferry dock at Belle Isle throughout the summer. The boats were the "Garland," the "Pleasure" and the "Promise," which one could board for ten cents and remain all day if he so desired.

The Bois Blanc or Bob-Lo Island run, as it is now called, was then and is still a delightful boat ride of eighteen miles down the Detroit River towards Lake Erie. For many years the fare was fifty cents for the round trip.

Three White Star Line Steamers went up-river to the St. Clair Flats and Port Huron; the "Greyhound" (later replaced by the "Tashmoo") at 9 A.M., the "Wauketa" at 2 P.M., and the "Owana" at 4 P.M.

In the nineties, Wonderland, the youth's paradise, stood at the northeast corner of Woodward and Jefferson Avenues. To me it was the most exciting place in the world, because of all the things available for ten cents. It occupied a full half block at Jefferson and Woodward, with the entrance on Woodward Avenue close to that of the Avenue Theater today. Once through the doors the first exhibit was a wax museum, modelled after Madame Tussaud's famous museum in London but on a much smaller scale. Dashing straight downstairs as soon as we entered, I was invariably awed by the wax images of historical characters. To me they were real as life. Perhaps it was morbid enjoyment, nevertheless, my gaze lingered when I arrived at the electric chair. It gave me the creeps. It was said to be a scene from Sing Sing Prison; a small room lighted only by weak blue light. The condemned man, wax of course, was seated in the chair. At intervals an attendant would

throw a switch causing vapor blue lights to play around the form. This simply scared me silly, but I always went back for more.

On the top floor was what seemed to me a complete menagerie which gave the whole place a distinct acrid odor. Small traveling shows frequently stopped at Wonderland for a week or two. Among these was a magician who cut off a girl's head in full view of the crowd. I never could figure out how he did it, but it was a breath-taking act for a youngster to watch, particularly baffling too, because it was always the same girl who lost her head.

Another act sticking in my memory is the man with no arms who could write and sharpen lead pencils, grasping these with his toes. I still think his was one of the most unusual performances I have ever seen.

In the older building, on the corner of Larned Street, was a so-called magic swing that revolved on a huge axle. Forty or fifty persons would get into it and then it would begin to move. The illusion was, to those within, that the room revolved rather than the swing. The fun, I suppose, was in the dizzy feeling it produced.

Having had his fill of oddities, one then entered a long corridor. Its walls were lined with round windows similar to portholes in the side of a ship. Looking through the glass one could watch the most thrilling views, among which were simulations of the eruption of Pompeii, the Johnstown Flood and other equally spectacular events. Thence to the theater, which was also a part of Wonderland, to witness a splendid five or six act vaudeville show, all for ten cents. I've been told that six thousand or more persons attended the vaudeville on Saturdays.

I used to go down to Wonderland on Saturday afternoons, usually about two o'clock, remaining there until five. Women, their children, whole families found Wonderland both interesting and a worthwhile experience. And, because

so many women and children enjoyed Wonderland and its spectacles, all of the displays were kept rigidly moral.

Later on a new Wonderland was built at the corner of Monroe and the Campus Martius. It was much like the older one, though on a more elaborate and modern scale. There, in addition to the other things I have described, they had the "Crystal Maze." Once into this maze of mirrors, it was not an easy matter to find the exit. After the maze, came the Temple Theater which stressed vaudeville as entertainment. After a time, seven or eight years, the menagerie and the side shows were eliminated. Finally, the Temple Theater was torn down and a new and larger house erected in its place. The new building retained vaudeville and became a link in the Keith Circuit. The building on the corner owned by Mr. George Barber was remodeled for mercantile use.

Wiggins and Moore leased and managed the Temple Theater and made a great success of it until the wide popularity of motion pictures crowded out vaudeville.

I finally graduated from Wonderland to "10-20-30" shows at the Whitney Opera House on Griswold Street. There real thriller melodrama could be seen. Year after year such plays as "In Old Kentucky," "The Heart of Chicago," "Across the Pacific," and "The Still Alarm" were repeated. The price of admission was thirty cents to the ground floor, twenty cents to the balcony, and ten cents to the gallery.

We boys went over and over again to see these plays, especially my favorite "In Old Kentucky," where the villain would place the hero on a pile of cotton and start the cotton press working. The hero was always rescued "just in time."

As I moved on up the preference scale, I began to attend plays at the Detroit Opera House. The play I remember best and the one which has continued to impress me all

these years was "Shenandoah." The display of uniforms and the shooting both off and on stage provided breathless entertainment and wild excitement for boys my age.

As with the Cass Theater in Detroit today, most of the top-flight attractions in the nineties were taken to the Detroit Opera House. Here I witnessed many of the delightful operettas of the period, among them "The Chocolate Soldier," "The Merry Widow," Montgomery and Stone playing in "The Red Mill," and "The Wizard of Oz."

The Detroit Opera House was destroyed by fire in 1905 during an engagement of Julia Arthur. Fortunately, the evening performance was over and the building cleared at the time. The curious who peered into the ruins after the fire could see the old theater curtain still hanging there and one tattered rag revealed the quotation from Charles Kingsley: "So fleet the works of men, back to their earth again, Ancient and holy things fade like a dream."

The Detroit Opera House was replaced by another theater building called the New Detroit Opera House which was used as a theater for many years, until the very late twenties in fact. At that time the theater building was abandoned, so far as its original purpose was concerned and the property was taken over by Sam's Department Store. It has always seemed like sacrilege to me, to have this beautiful old building, with its wonderful arches torn out, and then its shell turned into a commercial building.

Another old Detroit theater was Campbell's Empire Theater which preceeded the Transportation Building on its site on Lafayette Avenue between Griswold and Shelby Streets. The Empire Theater was originally a burlesque house, but went over to legitimate when the Detroit Opera House burned. Here I saw Mrs. Leslie Carter play the lead in "The Heart of Maryland."

The Lyceum Theater at Randolph and Lafayette Streets was owned by the Brush estate. The Brush family lived near us on Jefferson Avenue. Often, on Saturday afternoons, I was taken to the theater by Alfred Brush and sat with him in the family box. You can just imagine how popular Alfred was before matinee time on Saturdays. The Lyceum Theater had an excellent organization which came every year in the late spring. I refer to the Pike Stock Company with Lizzie Hudson Collier its leading woman for years. Later Vaughan Glaser succeeded her, and then came Jessie Bonstelle who, after a few successful years, moved to the old Temple Beth El on Woodward near Eliot Street, having had it remodelled into a very comfortable small playhouse. About twenty years ago, Jessie Bonstelle who did so much for the theater in Detroit, produced "Midsummer Night's Dream" on Belle Isle. The combination of a moonlight performance, Mendelsohn's music and splendid acting directed by Jessie, the orchestra, Victor Kolar conducting, has left an impression with me that nothing will eradicate so long as I live. I've always regretted that outdoor theater and light opera has not become a regular summer institution in Detroit. Both St. Louis and Cincinnati have well-established organizations which produce music and drama throughout the summer in outdoor amphitheaters. Detroit could easily do the same.

Jessie Bonstelle was not only a great producer, but she had the ability of recognizing talent and developing it. Among those who gained their early training with Jessie Bonstelle, and whose names will live long in the American theater, are Katherine Cornell, Frank Morgan, Ann Harding and several others, whose names elude me now.

Whitney's Opera House was subsequently taken over by the Schuberts, renovated and renamed the Garrick to become the second first-class theater in the City.

Sothorn and Marlowe, with their Shakesperian produc-

tions were always very popular here. To this day I have never heard any one with a more beautiful liquid voice than Julia Marlowe's when reciting lines from Shakespeare.

Another theatrical entertainment I recall are the open-air exhibitions by "Paine's Fireworks," on Jefferson Avenue just west of Waterworks Park. Their most popular show was "The Last Days of Pompeii." We haven't had anything like that here for the last thirty or forty years. All such shows, it seems to me, went out with the first World War.

Electric Parks were popular over all the country until about the same time. In Detroit, at East Jefferson and Grand Boulevard we had two of these. The park east of the approach to Belle Isle Bridge was abandoned in 1927 when the City condemned the property and converted it into the present Gabriel Richard Park. The one on the west side of the bridge approach, between the old bridge and the Detroit Stove Works was also condemned, to widen the approach to the new bridge in 1920. Both parks had degenerated in quality of entertainment and the character of their patronage by the time they were closed.

During the season of their popularity both places had roller coasters, and dark caverns through which funmakers went on boat rides. One of the parks featured a fire show in which a building was set ablaze. Alarms were sounded, then a fire department rushed to the blaze with extension ladders and nets and rescued the actors supposedly trapped in the building.

There used to be a great many wholesale firms with warehouses in Detroit. Today the big chain stores and new distribution methods have eliminated many of them. At the century's turn nearly every building along Larned Street, Congress and lower Jefferson avenue was occupied by wholesale and jobbing houses. Small stocks for emergency need, and sample rooms have replaced many of these.

At the corner of Jefferson and Wayne on the north side of the street stood an ornate six or seven story building owned by the Palms Estate. The fire that burned all Detroit in 1805 began on this site, and a century later, in 1905, the anniversary was remembered with much ceremony at this corner. All available downtown fire equipment joined in putting on a show. The building was erected by Francis Palms, the elder. Following his death, Mrs. Book, his daughter, became owner of the property.

The Michigan Central Passenger Station was at West Jefferson Avenue and Third Streets until 1914. It is still in use by the New York Central Lines as their major Less-than-carload Freight Station. Eastbound cars were put on car ferriers and carried across the river from the station. The Grand Trunk Railway still handles its Montreal-Detroit traffic in this manner. Occasionally in the winter the ferries became locked in the ice and with the passenger trains aboard, as on a few occasions, people were marooned for hours in mid-river, with ferry boats and fire boats doing their best to cut them out of ice jams.

At times in coldest weather people could walk on solid ice from Windsor to Detroit. As a boy, I skated over to Belle Isle several times.

The Union Station at Fort and Third Streets is very old. It was built by James F. Joy's Company to house the Wabash, Pere Marquette and Pennsylvania roads. This building had just undergone a complete renovation and is now the Detroit Terminal of the Wabash, Pennsylvania and C. and O. Railways. The Pere Marquette was recently absorbed by the C. and O.

Where Briggs Stadium is was Bennett Park, then as now, the home of the Detroit Tigers. The bleachers were of wood and the accommodations were crude, but the games were just as thrilling, if not more so. During the years that Hugh Jennings was manager, with Ty Cobb, George

Mullin, Sam Crawford, and Wild Bill Donovan on the team the Tigers gave Detroit baseball fans plenty of excitement.

One of the most interesting tests of skill I ever saw in a baseball game occurred while I was attending Notre Dame. Orvie Overall was pitching for Illinois and Ed Reulbach, who was in College with me, for Notre Dame. About to enter the pitcher's box, Overall remarked to Reulbach, "No man will get to first base this inning."

"Oh, yeah?" sneered Reulbach, but Overall made good and struck out the first three batters. Reulbach was next into the pitcher's box, so while passing Overall on his way to the dugout, he remarked, "You think you are good, Brother," whereon he called in the Notre Dame fielders and proceeded to strike out the first three Illinois batters who faced him. A few years later I watched Overall and Reulbach, both then pitching for the Chicago Cubs, beat Detroit in the World Series. Detroit won three American League pennants in a row, but failed to win even one World Series from the National League Teams.

An agile man, comparatively young, used to come to Detroit every year or two. He called himself the Human Fly, because he was one of the few men in America who could actually climb up the side of a brick or stone building without the help of ropes or ladders. I stood one day and watched him climb the Majestic Building from the street clear to the eaves. Thousands of people stood on Woodward Avenue watching, holding their breath for him, possibly hoping subconsciously he would fall and satisfy their morbid emotions. Others watched hoping against all possible hope the man would succeed in scaling the wall. The "Fly" reached the top floor of the building, then because the cornice projected out too far and he could not catch hold of its edge, he was forced to enter the building through a window and ride the elevator to the street. The "Fly" depended only upon his bare hands and unshod feet. There

was no charge for the privilege of watching him but afterwards and while he was making the climb, a collection was taken and later given to him. This was around 1903 or 1904. Some years later I read he had fallen from a San Francisco building to his death.

The year I watched the "human fly" go up the side of the Majestic Building, the Triennial Convention of the Knights Templar was held in Detroit. Their major parade was the most impressive I have seen. Commanderies from over all the country massed their bands to form a huge cross and marched on Woodward Avenue playing "Onward Christian Soldiers." Following the bands were Knights Templar drill teams and delegates, all in uniform. I still marvel over the beauty of the scene and the perfection with which they all wore their uniforms and plumed head-dress. Each Knight, regardless of his size, appeared exactly like all the others. The picture was flawless, Christianity was on the march!

In the winter of 1901 the family rented our house in the City and after the Christmas holidays we moved to the Wayne Hotel, then managed by Jim Hayes. We had been out at Grosse Pointe during the fall and early winter. The girls and my older brother were all away at school. That left four boys for Father and Mother to handle at the hotel. Naturally, things became rather lively about the hotel corridors and its lobby, especially on Saturday mornings. This annoyed Mr. Hayes a bit so he made a deal with us. If we boys would agree to keep quiet through the week; he would reward us by turning the pavilion over to us Saturday mornings when we could ask in all our friends and rough-house as much as we pleased. The result was that we made a skating rink out of a dance floor, asking everybody we could think of and had, for ourselves and our friends, "a wonderful time."

The Russell House and the Cadillac were the leading

hotels of the day, nowhere was better food served nor superior service given customers. William J. Chittenden and his son, William J. Chittenden, Jr. have been hosts in Detroit's leading hotels, the Russell House, the Pontchartrain, and the Book-Cadillac, for seventy-five years. Jim Hayes ran a fine hotel, the Wayne, at the corner of West Jefferson Avenue and Third Street. Sunday night dinners there, were famous; game of all kinds, wonderful roasts, all one could eat for two dollars. Here I ate my first bear steak.

Among the business men of the City, the most popular spot was the Russell House Bar, as in later years were the Metropole and the Pontchartrain Bars. The Russell House was torn down about the end of the century and the Pontchartrain, a fine modern steel and concrete hotel, was erected on the site. As the Savoyard Creek ran through this corner originally, hundreds of thirty-foot piles were driven into the ground to a depth of ninety feet to give the hotel a secure foundation. This work was halted temporarily to make the foundation of the Metropole Hotel, the adjoining building, secure else the continued pounding of the pile drivers would have shaken the smaller Metropole from its foundations.

I enjoyed myself at many parties given at the old Pontchartrain. Originally the building was ten stories high but later on four or five stories were added. Two of these new floors were given over to the Ballroom and private dining rooms. Probably the wildest night I ever saw in Detroit was the night the Tigers led by Hughey Jennings had won their first American League Pennant. The town went wild, and some "crazy idiots" found a loaded haywagon and pulled it to Cadillac Square, where they set it on fire and then tried to drag the burning mass into the Pontchartrain lobby. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston was banqueting in the main dining room that

night and a couple of these old fellows in Revolutionary War uniforms came out and watched the mob of people milling around the street. One of them said to me, "This is a bit of a lively town. Is it like this every night?" "Oh, sure," I told him. "This goes on every evening in Detroit."

The Metropole Bar was renovated about the time the Detroit Tigers were beginning to win pennants. Almost everyone would go there after the ball game. Roast beef on sliced white bread was the attraction. Beer was ten cents, the sandwich free. Any wonder?

The Cadillac Hotel Bar was fixed up with very comfortable chairs at small tables. There, too, hot roast beef sandwiches, a plate of cold cuts, and sometimes turkey or chicken were free with a ten cent glass of beer. The Swart Brothers managed the Cadillac for many years.

Strict rules concerning customer behavior made Churchill's the most refined bar in the city. This famous Detroit "spot" was located in the middle of the block now occupied by Kern's Department Store. Churchill's was the "between the acts" rendezvous for patrons at the Detroit Opera House. Seat holders entered by the front door on Woodward Avenue and the actors thronged the back door that opened from the alley near the stage entrance of the theater. For many years in the early spring, Churchill's Bar served a strawberry fizz which was famous over all America. Churchill was a connoisseur of good paintings and patron of the arts. The walls of his cafe were hung with excellent works by famous artists. So far as I know, the place was always run strictly stag. Untoward noise and rough conduct were not tolerated. Here in a back room hung that famous painting by Gari Melchers, the lady minus apparel that now adorns the grill of the Detroit Athletic Club.

Coddingtons was another good place. It was housed in an old building at Fort and Griswold Streets, present site of the Dime Bank Building.

The University Club used the second floor of the old Congregational Church Building, mid-block on Fort Street. This church building became temporary refuge of the Detroit Journal after their disastrous explosion and fire.

Railroad Jack, an itinerant, who seemed to know everything but "numbers" is one of my persistent memories. He would answer anything you'd ask him about history, biography and the Bible; then, if cornered, he twisted away from the question so cleverly his audience could not be sure who had been fooled. He came to Detroit for about a month each summer for years. Then he would head south or southwest in his little pony-drawn, canvas topped wagon. He was a "free soul," if such can be, a happy man to say the least.

I remember Mr. J. L. Hudson very well. He was a keen man with a good sense of humor; one of Detroit's outstanding citizens. My mother was very fond of him, and usually, when in the store, she would visit him in his office. Mr. Hudson was generous with his money. A typical example is that when the Y.M.C.A. was in need of a new home he took the problem in hand, went out in support of the project, gave the greater portion of the needed money himself. The result is the large and well equipped Y.M.C.A. Building in Downtown Detroit at Grand Circus Park. He was also active in the Board of Commerce, and whenever there was a campaign for funds needed for legitimate charitable purposes, or for the civic benefit, J. L. Hudson was a leading sponsor. His nephews, the Webber brothers, have carried on in the same tradition.

Henry B. Ledyard, President of the Michigan Central Railroad, was another highly regarded Detroitier at the turn of the century. He lived directly across the street from our home, and my early recollection of him is that he always wore a flat topped derby. He carried an umbrella, and each evening he would walk up Jefferson Avenue swinging

it wide. Mr. Ledyard was a very quiet though purposeful man possessed of many abilities. When the Union Trust Company got into financial difficulty, Mr. Ledyard was given the task, which he accomplished, of putting it into sound condition.

Mr. Ledyard, through his years, chief executive of the Michigan Central Railway developed it into one of the best paying railroads in the United States. It was finally absorbed by the New York Central Lines. The story is that Mr. Ledyard was removed one year as the head of the Michigan Central and immediately its earnings slanted down. At a meeting of the New York Central Board of Directors, of which he was a member, the question arose as to why the Michigan Central Railway's earnings were not up to standard. The chairman asked Mr. Ledyard if he had anything to say, any comments to make upon it, and received the reply that the railroad made money when he was running it. Whereupon, they placed him in charge again.

Mr. Ledyard had a coachman named Jim Sprott. Hugh Ledyard, just my age, and I used to play in the barn and there Jim Sprott taught us how to play checkers. Later on Jim entered the police department and while a patrolman he was assigned to the Michigan Central Station. Eventually, he became chief of police.

Jim was about six feet four inches tall, and one of the strongest men I ever knew. One night John L. Sullivan was in the Metropole Hotel Bar. He became rambunctious and when the police were called Jim responded, found that Sullivan still wanted to fight. Jim wasn't interested in that so he quieted Mr. John L. by hitting him on the chin. Once was enough. Jim dragged the celebrated fighter out by the collar, threw him into the patrol wagon and took him to headquarters.

Years later, a building in which I was interested was

reported to be the headquarters of a gang. The Police Department wrote me a rather nasty letter stating that they were going to padlock the building. I went over to see Jim Sprott and told him that as far as I knew none of the charges the department made were true. Jim got up from his desk, said, "Come with me," and we walked into the vice-squad office to face the men who had made the charges. Jim had the letter in his hand. He said to the Lieutenant in Charge, "Don't you ever write Mr. Moran a letter like this again unless you know what you are talking about. I brought him up. I raised him. I know the kind of building he operates." Investigation proved that they had the wrong address.

Another character of those days was Oren Scotten. He was fire commissioner for a good many years. He was such an enthusiast that he had a buggy equipped with a gong and a trip harness hung from the ceiling to fall over his horse as it came from the stall when the alarm sounded at night. Then Oren would pull on his boots and his pants, jump in this rig, and away he would go to the fire.

Mr. Daniel Scotten used to have a carriage with a team of snow-white horses. Every morning around Central Market in Cadillac Square Mr. Scotten and his equipage could be seen as he went about doing his day's business and marketing.

Another Scotten, an uncle, was President of the Scotten and Dillon Tobacco Works where they produced a chewing tobacco called "Hiawatha" that was known from Coast to Coast. Later on they packaged a scrap tobacco called "Yankee Girl" that was equally popular over the nation.

In those days it was no disgrace to be in the tobacco business, but the beer business was looked down upon. It used to annoy me that the Walkers, who made whiskey, were "top-drawer" socially, but that most brewers were not. There were, however, a few exceptions.

In the block West of the Oren Scotten home on West Fort Street at Vinewood was Detroit's most unusual house. It was a huge place having been built in the most modern manner possible and in accord with dreams the owner, Isaac Newton Swain, had gathered and developed throughout his earlier life concerning the home he would sometime build.

Mr. Swain was born in upstate New York and grew into manhood with few advantages owing to the poverty not only of his family but of the area in which he lived. He came to Michigan about 1830 and settled near Kalamazoo where he engaged in lumbering and in farm activity. When the Michigan Railroad was projected and its route from Detroit to Chicago was outlined, he invested rather heavily in property along its proposed route. This route was abandoned, however, and the investment proved a total loss. But in some manner or other Mr. Swain quickly acquired some capital and purchased frontage in Water-vliet, Michigan. Disappointment again stalked him for the route was changed again. Following this Mr. Swain came to Detroit and engaged in lumber and shipping. By 1850 he had acquired a substantial fortune and was an influential person in the community. With things going in the manner he had always hoped for he built his house. It was three stories high and on top of this a tower, its floor a hundred feet from the ground. From this tower he could watch his ships coming and going from the wharf at his lumber yard which was situated at the foot of Vinewood Street and could, in addition, look out across the broad expanse of land and water which included within a radius of less than twenty miles Michigan, Canada, Lake Erie and Lake St. Clair.

In addition to being a busy business man, Mr. Swain was an ardent prohibitionist and a stout abolitionist. He died in 1880 and left his affairs in such a state that the

property could not be sold nor other holdings liquidated until after the death of his two daughters, one of whom was married and lived in Pennsylvania. The other, when a small child had been injured by a fall and was, as a result, of retarded mentality. It was not until after her death at the age of seventy-three that the residence could be used for other than its original purpose. This strange house which even in 1920 when it was torn down was surrounded throughout all my years by strange mysteries and legends. It was known to have a tunnel leading from beneath the house to the stables a hundred feet away and legend had it that Isaac Newton Swain had, just for the fun of it and despite the fact he was a prohibitionist, become involved in smuggling whiskey into the United States from Canada.

Another legend held to the story that the Swain home was a point on the underground Railway and this tunnel was used as a hiding place for slaves escaping to Canada.

Many are the times that groups of boys of which I was one, took the old Fort Street car up to the Swain property, stood in front of it and gazed wondering whether ghosts lived there, what might be the strange shadows that once in a while darkened a window. We did not know then that within the house were living the rapidly-aging daughter and a nurse who served her faithfully throughout the years.

In 1920 when the house was torn down it was found that it had been so solidly built, that parts could not be moved by ordinary means. As a result the tower and part of its walls were dynamited to the ground. Small wonder as I look back and visualize this beautiful old home that legends of all sorts grew up to surround it and that ghosts which were figments of active imaginations should have inhabited it as they did.

An incident illustrative of what can happen in transfer of title to land held in one family over several generations is the following experience.

Some years ago I completed the sale of the last piece of property held by our immediate family from the old Charles Moran Farm. The deal was ready to close. The money was in escrow, everything was satisfactory, except that the buyer's attorney had not yet approved the abstract. After inspecting it very carefully; surveys, farm and lot numbers were correct, he discovered the transfer was being made by the heirs, of the heirs of the heirs, of the heirs of Claude Charles Moran, who, as I have explained in the chapter dealing with him and his land holdings, owned the property fronting on the river at what is now Hastings Street extending North for about three miles.

What baffled the lawyer was that the property seemed to have been held by one owner for over a hundred and fifty years. He could not believe it. He phoned me, "Good gracious, this abstract must skip numerous owners and leave gaps of many years. It shows the property being transferred by a Moran, an original owner. Even a Moran can't live that long. It cannot be, that's all."

I answered in jest, "It does 'be.' This is the first time this particular piece of property has ever been transferred from the Moran family. Your client has purchased it. There couldn't be a firmer deed. The property has been held in a straight line of succession."

I explained to him that the property was part of a French Land Grant made first by Cadillac, then by Beauharnois for the French King. The Grant was confirmed to Charles Moran, as owner, by the United States Government in 1817.

How did the Morans get it? Why, that was easy. The family in the beginning just took it from the Indians. They didn't need it and the French Government okayed the deal. The United States Government dittoed! Now, Wayne County, State of Michigan, was making record of the first transfer out of the family.

Two of Detroit's greatest disasters occurred while I was still a youngster. The first was a boiler explosion in the basement of the Detroit Journal, which was housed in a five-story building on the south side of Larned Street near Shelby. The brick structure was completely demolished. About twenty-five employees were killed and a great many injured. The Fire Department did heroic work in rescuing many victims who were imprisoned in the tangled debris. I arrived on the scene a few hours after the explosion and had an opportunity to view the fire and falling walls from all angles.

During the early afternoon while I stood watching the blaze from near the fire lines, two undertaker's assistants carried a body in a wicker basket to their wagon. Father Borman, a Jesuit Priest, had been standing by for some time, administering to the injured and dying, also helping in other ways when he could. It was fortunate that at the moment this wicker basket was to be shoved into the wagon, Father Borman came along. To him the body within did not appear to be that of a dead person. Halting the men, he told them that instead of a corpse they were removing an injured person to the morgue. Strangely enough, the undertaker's assistants were inclined to dispute with Father Borman and it was not until after some discussion and the timely arrival of one of the Fire Battalion chiefs that the injured man was taken from the wicker basket, placed in an ambulance and sent to a hospital instead of being on the first lap of a trip to the cemetery.

The other major disaster took place while I was in my first year at Central High School, in 1901.

It was a boiler explosion in the factory of the Penberthy Injector Company whose plant was located on the west side of the City. Some forty persons lost their lives in this explosion and fire. It was a harrowing accident because the chances of rescuing anyone imprisoned within the lower

floors were just about impossible. This boiler explosion was followed by fire which burned up from the basement of the plant in such a manner as to entrap nearly everyone within its four walls and on its several floors. The Fire Department did heroic work in this case as usual. Almost every piece of the City's west side equipment was called into action. Many firemen, policemen on leave, as well as citizen volunteers equipped themselves with picks and shovels and dug the falling debris away from injured people. Nearly every rubbish wagon in Detroit was called to the scene of the fire, and as rapidly as these could be loaded, the debris was hauled away. All the while this was going on, carting a building away practically while it was burning, heavy streams of water were played on the fire and a water screen was laid in front of the workers to shield them from the intense heat.

In addition to the Fire and Police Departments, and the Department of Public Works' rubbish wagons the Public Lighting Department also played an important part in rescuing victims from this holocaust. Linemen and workmen were sent to the scene in the evening and erected floodlights around the burning ruins enabling the rescue work to proceed through the first night and for the two nights following, when hope for further rescues was abandoned.

A sidelight, a sad one indeed, is that all deaths were not caused by the fire and smoke. Many were drowned by the water which was flooded over the ruin to quench the flames and protect the rescuers. The only consolation is that there are many people alive in Detroit today who would have been killed along with those who died had it not been for the splendid coordination of the various City Departments and courageous citizens.

The Fire Department played a large part in my early life. My uncle was a commissioner for many years and Father used to help pull a hand engine to fires from the

fire hall behind his home. I probably inherited or absorbed some of my interest in fires from him. Then too, the Chief of the Fire Department, who was also Superintendent of Apparatus, lived on East Congress Street near our house. He kept his horse and buggy at Number Nine, just across the way from our house and for some reason or other took quite a liking to me. For three or four years, nearly every Saturday morning, he used to take me along on his inspection trips. I succeeded in covering just about all the Fire Department there was while riding with him. It was then, in all probability, that my love for Fire Departments was born.

I will always be more or less interested, not so much in fires themselves as in methods of preventing and fighting them. I have served on the Fire Prevention Committee of the Detroit Board of Commerce for thirty years, and for four or five years was a Fire Marshal of the State of Michigan.

For some reason or other, when I was a boy downtown fires usually occurred on Friday nights. I know this is so because Friday and Saturday nights were the only ones I had permission to be out, and I must have attended twenty-five or thirty big fires in the downtown section during my 'teens.

The first big fire I attended was the Edson, Moore Company fire at the corner of Bates Street and Jefferson Avenue, where thirteen people jumped from windows to destruction. That must have been about 1892 or 1893. I was rather small and I remember I got a terrible scolding at home for going to the fire without permission.

When I was about twelve years old the Detroit Opera House burned, the largest fire we have had in downtown Detroit during my lifetime. It burned out a good portion of the block, and the flames swept across the street and broke the plate glass windows in the J. L. Hudson Store

on State Street. A Leonard Fireproof Storage Warehouse stood across the alley behind Kern's Store of today. After the fire all that remained of this "fireproof" building was its steel skeleton and a portion of brick wall on which was lettered "Leonard's Fireproof Storage Warehouse."

Buildings are better constructed today. Steel, reinforced concrete and firewalls, plus general installation of automatic sprinklers; and a strict building code limit the number of fires. The result is there are fewer fires in our newer structures, though too many blazes still occur in the old buildings.

One of the oldest buildings on Jefferson Avenue away from downtown is occupied by The Detroit Stove Works. Lightning struck it in 1947 and the front cornice started to fall. Repair work exposed the heavy wooden members, beautiful 12-inch by 12-inch timbers that were used in the construction of building sixty, and over, years ago.

The Hammond Building, sometimes called the City's first skyscraper, is not a steel structure. It was built in the middle eighties by Mrs. George Hammond after her husband had died. This was Detroit's first ten-story building; its walls are solid masonry about four feet thick at the base.

The Union Trust Building, renamed the Fidelity and now called the Peninsular Building was erected adjoining the Hammond Building on Griswold Street soon afterwards; and still later the Detroit Bank Building and the Majestic Building "pierced the sky." For many years these buildings were the City's tallest structures.

The Majestic and the Detroit Bank Buildings, erected at about the same time, were the City's first all-steel structures, the walls only, being of brick and tile. There are oldsters maintaining offices in the Majestic Building today who moved in when the building was completed. The lower half-dozen floors of this building were first occupied by the C. A. Schafer Department Store, which became the

Partridge and Blackwell Store. This firm later erected new buildings on Monroe Avenue that are now occupied by the Crowley-Milner Company.

Halloween and Election were both wild nights. Boys, not hobgoblins, saw to that. There was a wooden bridge over the Grand Trunk tracks at Dequindre and Congress Streets, which the Congress Street Cars always had difficulty in crossing, because of its abrupt incline. On Halloween the boys soaped the rails causing the car wheels to lose traction until the motorman used up all his non-skid sand and had made five or six tries before he could get the car over the bridge. On Election night we always had a huge bonfire near the railroad tracks at Orleans and Franklin Streets. Every boy within an area of half a mile spent his spare time the two or three preceding days collecting boxes, lumber and other inflammables for this fire.

Development of the City's electric light system is within my time. Originally there were two companies, the Edison and the Peninsular. My uncle, William B. Moran, was one of the organizers of the latter company. The Edison Company finally absorbed it along with several smaller producers of electricity.

The early electric light towers were something to wonder at. I think no other city adopted this means of illuminating populated areas. The towers were approximately eighty feet high, with 2500 candle-power carbon lights on top. Located on strategic corners these were supposed to light up large areas, streets as well as alleys and backyards. The lamps were carbon-fuse type and every few days the carbons having burned down had to be replaced. The Electric Company service men would go up in a small elevator hung from a pulley with a counterweight on the other end of the cable. Venturesome boys could go to the top quickly and easily but coming down was another matter. They had neither weight nor strength to make the counterweight rise to the

top, and the Police or Fire Department was often called to get the adventurers down.

Below Jefferson Avenue, between our house and the river, there were several lumber yards, saw and planing mills. The whirr and hum of circular saws and the odor of new lumber are distinct recollections of my early days. Huge rafts of logs were floated down Lake St. Clair escorted by several tugs. At times, after entering the lake a violent northeastern storm would blow up and scatter the raft, then the whole lake would be littered with logs. It was a week's work for men in small boats to gather these logs and reassemble the raft. Very few logs were lost as a result of these breakups, though the sorting process was tedious. Identification of log owners was by means of the brand, just as with horses in the West have always been identified.

Sailing ships of all sizes were prevalent. Most of them carried lumber down stream. Large tugs would assemble seven or eight of these cargo-carrying schooners at the mouth of the Detroit River and tow them up to the entrance of Lake Huron. It took too much time and was rather hazardous to sail them through the Detroit River and Lake St. Clair. Coming down stream with the current, they did not depend so much upon tugs.

Sixty years ago the Detroit Shipbuilding Company's dry dock was at the foot of Orleans Street. It handled what were considered good-sized ships. To watch a vessel come into the dry dock, see the gates close behind it, hear the pumps start and continue chugging away until the ship's bottom was completely exposed was an experience of which I never tired. During pleasant weather, on Sunday afternoons, my Father often took us for a walk which usually ended at the dry dock where we looked over the ships needing repair.

It seems to me that accidents were always happening in the drydock machine repair shops. These always created

a lot of excitement among the small fry of the neighborhood, because, as a rule, four ambulances from different hospitals would respond. Grace Hospital's with its white panel and gold lettering, Harper Hospital's dark red and green, and St. Mary's dark blue would arrive in quick succession. These were all specially made vehicles, built low with good spring action to allow the injured as smooth a ride as possible. The fourth ambulance to arrive would be the Emergency Hospital's rig. It was more or less of a delivery wagon painted black with a red cross on the side. Upon its arrival the youngsters in the neighborhood all screamed: "Here comes the butcher wagon, here comes the butcher wagon," over and over again.

Harper, Grace, St. Mary's, Children's and Woman's Hospitals were all located where they are today. In fact, all of them still use their original buildings to which modern structures have been added. Emergency Hospital ceased to function years ago. It was located just off Michigan Avenue, on the southwest corner of Abbott and Second. This hospital was run by Dr. Hal C. Wayman. One would be led to believe that the adults of the City did not have a very high opinion of the Emergency Hospital if their offsprings' ridicule was the result of hearing disparaging remarks made about the institution in their homes; and this was, in all probability, true.

Since then our hospital facilities have increased materially by the addition of Jennings, Deaconess, St. Joseph's, Providence, Mt. Carmel, Henry Ford, Cottage Hospital of Grosse Pointe, the new Grace Hospital in the northwest section of the city, Receiving, and that huge institution on Hamilton Avenue known as Herman Keifer which, with Receiving, is publicly owned. Near Wayne, Michigan is the Wayne County Home and Hospital, which I am told has over 7,000 inmates and patients. The Detroit Tuberculosis Sanatorium, founded by Dr. Burt Shurly, has long

been an agency of mercy to those afflicted with that dread disease. There are others with which I am unfamiliar, but I am told by doctors that Detroit is still sadly lacking in hospital facilities, considering the size of the city.

Horse Shows, Fairs, Concerts, etc. in the nineties were held in the auditorium on Larned at Bates Streets. It later became a roller-skating rink. It was demolished after the Light Guard Armory was built nearby at Larned and Brush Streets. For many years this was Detroit's only large assembly hall where symphony concerts, expositions and political rallies could be held. I saw my first automobile show in this building and attended a memorial service for President McKinley there, after his assassination, in 1901.

I drilled there two nights a week with what was called the Detroit Armored Car Squad, before tanks were invented. Captains Hudson Poole and Steven Gillespie were our volunteer officers. The Light Guard Armory was destroyed by fire several years ago. It was a large drafty, homely old place but within its walls were held many events important in Detroit history. Its destruction was an occasion for deep regret on the part of all "old" Detroiters.

During the 1890's the Detroit Light Guard occupied an Armory at the southwest corner of Randolph Street and Jefferson Avenue. They used the second floor of what was then known as the "Old" Water Board Building.

The Light Infantry, also a popular Detroit organization, had its Armory in one of the Bagley Buildings on the south side of Congress between Bates and Randolph Streets. These buildings still stand. The one used by the Light Infantry today excites a certain amount of curiosity on the part of passers by who are not too well acquainted with old Detroit because its roof is somewhat similar to that of a quonset hut though the lines are more gracefully laid.

The old Militia Companies were great celebrators, passing up few opportunities on which to stage a parade or throw a party. One of the best parades was on Washington's birthday when, whether rain or snow, these companies always turned out with a public parade.

The Detroit Athletic Club had its Club House on Woodward Avenue opposite Garfield. In its rear was the large athletic field. Convention Hall now occupies this site. Here the Central High School teams practiced. Though I never was good enough to make the first team, I did play with the second team and reserves.

University of Michigan and Cornell football teams met on this field in the early days of college football. The record shows Cornell 44, U. of M. 6 one year; and in another, U. of M. 10, Cornell 0.

Detroit University School now located in Grosse Pointe on Cook Road between Mack and Jefferson Avenues once occupied the buildings still standing at Elmwood and East Congress. These were originally erected by Michigan Athletic Association which, as it was much closer to our home, I visited far more frequently than I did the Detroit Athletic Club. This property is now used by the Detroit Recreation Commission.

One of the winter-time attractions at the Michigan Athletic Association Field was the huge toboggan slide they set up. I think everybody in the whole neighborhood enjoyed it. To climb to the top and then toboggan down was great fun for both boys and men.

Most of the block bounded by Jefferson, Randolph, Brush and Woodbridge Streets was occupied by a large hotel at one time. It was known as the Biddle House and was a popular, well-patronized hotel; probably the only hotel ever built in Detroit to contain a complete theater within its four walls. It was intended that the theater be used by a young men's society, but they never took over.

For some reason never clearly explained to me, the whole building was closed and remained unoccupied through most of my early years. Some good did come out of that closing however, for when the high school, once the State House, at Capitol Park was burned, this large, unoccupied building was the only one available and accessible in all Detroit in which high school students could be sheltered and instructed. There the Detroit City High School held forth until a new one was built at Warren and Cass Avenues. The new school was called Central High School in anticipation of the City's growth; a wise forethought, because since then fifteen new high schools have been built and more are badly needed.

I knew Henry Ford fairly well, but I shall not dwell on his inventive genius or his business success. These are already known and too, this is a personal record, not a history nor a series of thumb-nail biographies.

Mr. Ford enjoyed weddings. These were the only gatherings I ever knew him to attend. I've heard some wondering about whether or not he took time to attend many of the weddings held in the little white chapel at Greenfield Village, which he so graciously opened to those who wanted to be married there.

Henry Ford enjoyed dancing too, not the new-fangled slide and slither style, but the old-fashioned dances. These, at which he entertained about once each month during the dancing season, were more than a hobby with him. He enjoyed them and dearly loved to watch others enjoying his hospitality. These dances, by the way, did more to popularize old-fashioned dancing in America, where it had become almost a lost art than any other effort ever extended in this direction. Serena and I often attended these dances and always enjoyed them. They were homey, companionable and natural gatherings of friendly people. Nearly always, if not at every dance, the Schottische was called.

Though I tried I never could learn how to dance it. It seems Mr. Ford had noticed that I had not been able to master the step, but I was not aware of this until knowledge of the fact dawned on me purely by chance, part of another story which follows.

At his Greenfield Village in Dearborn, Mr. Ford had one of the finest collections of guns in all America. This collection was so large and to him so important that he kept a gunsmith employed full time repairing and reconditioning the weapons, putting the guns into their original condition. Mr. Ford had standing orders that the gunsmith shop be kept locked at all times except when an attendant or the gunsmith himself was within. This order applied also to the display of guns. He remarked to me that his reason was that while guns were interesting from the historical viewpoint, that they were part of our national background, he did not believe in inculcating into young boys a love of guns which might lead on into a love of war.

Among our family possessions, is an old gun which belonged to my grandfather, Judge Charles Moran. Judge Charles was born in 1794. He is said to have acquired this gun during the War of 1812 or possibly a little bit earlier. This gun used to hang over the fireplace in our living room in the house at Grosse Pointe. For two generations and possibly part of the third generation, this gun had not been used. As a result it had become a mass of rust. I told Mr. Ford, one day when visiting with him, about this gun, the condition it was in, and also, its history in-so-much as I knew it. I then asked him whether or not he could or would have this gun put into proper shape for me at his gunsmith shop. I, of course, offered to pay for the work, which remark was in all probability immaterial to him. His was a labor of love for old things, American. Upon putting this question to Mr. Ford, he interrupted me before I was quite through and said, "Why, certainly, bring it out. Come

out to lunch on Wednesday. Be sure to come for lunch."

The following Wednesday, I drove out to Greenfield Village. Mr. Ford was there and waiting. A meal had been prepared for us in the kitchen of the old Inn and right there in its kitchen with his son, Edsel, and Charley Sorensen is where we dined. All the food that was served had been cooked in the brick receptacle off the fireplace. It is called a Dutch Oven and is the kind in which, together with a large iron kettle that hung on a crane over the fire, most civilized food was prepared during the settlement and colonial periods of our country. Needless to say, the luncheon was delicious. After we had completed our luncheon and visited for a little bit, Mr. Ford told me, "I have an engagement for an hour, but I do not want you to go away. I want to see you afterward so that we can go over to the gunsmith together. Have you anything particular you would like to do in the meantime?"

I told him that I could spend my time very profitably looking around in the museum. This being agreeable to him, he said, "Very well, at three o'clock we will meet at the gunsmith's." We met on schedule and went into the shop where he introduced me to his gunsmith who took immediate charge of the weapon. They worked it over completely in the shop and did a beautiful job. There is much brass on those old guns. This was beautifully polished. The flintlock hammer which had been broken some time long ago was repaired. The stock was refinished and the gun put in perfect condition. The rust was so completely removed that even the stain no longer showed. Should anybody wish to use such a gun, this old one of mine, repaired under the direction of Henry Ford, could be used today, just as it was used early in the nineteenth century.

Having gotten this job under way, Mr. Ford said, "Now, we will go down to the dance hall." My answer took the form of a question, "What is the idea?" "Oh,"

said Mr. Ford, "I want you to come." So over we went and into the dance hall. Upon entering I noticed that the orchestra which always played for the old-fashioned dances was up on its stage. Over to one side, Mr. Lovett, Mr. Ford's dance master was standing, waiting, it seemed, for something to happen. "Take this man and really show him how to dance the Schottische," said Mr. Ford. Well, there was the orchestra and it began to play. There was Mr. Lovett, one of the best dance masters in America. What could I do, but try to learn to dance the Scottische? Leaving me in charge of Mr. Lovett, Mr. Ford climbed on to the stage, picked up a violin and stood with the orchestra, playing for half an hour or more. I learned to dance the Schottische for that afternoon. Whether I learned it for later I cannot say. No one admits that I learned anything.

All this happened twenty years or more ago. The dance hall was then in the Engineering Building in Dearborn. Later on Mr. Ford built a beautiful dance hall in the new building where he caused teak wood floors to be laid and above them beautiful chandeliers. This dance hall at Greenfield Village is a replica of one of the famous old dancing academies on the Atlantic Coast.

No one could ever even guess what Mr. Ford was going to talk about, what sort of remark would be his next. A chance meeting during a trip Serena and I made to Europe a good many years back is a good illustration of this remark.

We were staying at the Carlton Hotel in London. She had retired and I went out onto the street to get a little fresh air. While standing in front of the hotel Mr. Ford came out. I hadn't known he was in London. We walked around the block a few times while he discussed his problem of the moment, "Old London." He was pondering why its people did not use newer methods to get things done; so many improvements were needed to make life easier.

My father-in-law, William H. Murphy was interested in horseless carriages at a very early period, and in 1876, when a young man, he went to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia to look at a rather crude machine. When Mr. Ford finally completed a car that would run, someone told him that Mr. Murphy was interested in the idea of horseless vehicles. Mr. Ford called on Mr. Murphy, and told him he thought he had finally developed a successful motor car. Mr. Murphy told him that when he could drive him from his home at Putnam and Woodward out Grand River Avenue to Farmington and back home by way of Pontiac, he would be interested in helping form a company to manufacture the car.

On a Saturday afternoon some months later, Mr. Ford appeared at the house and said, "I am ready to take you on the ride." Keeping faith with Mr. Ford, Mr. Murphy went with him, made a log of the trip, how much fuel they consumed, the condition of the road, and how the car behaved. They made the journey without any mishap, and Mr. Murphy said, "Well, now we will organize a company." I have that log in my possession.

Mr. Murphy enlisted the aid of several men of means and in 1899 the Detroit Automobile Company was organized to make Henry Ford's car. They went along together for a year or so; then their working capital became tied up with semi-completed jobs. Mr. Ford was always finding bugs here and there and insisted on eliminating these before completing and shipping the cars. Some of the directors became impatient over the situation and the upshot was they agreed to part company.

The group, minus Mr. Ford, then reorganized under the name of the Cadillac Automobile Company; Al Brush developed a copper-jacketed four-cylinder motor, and after some effort additional capital was raised. Production soon began under the direction of Henry M. Leland, who had

made the engines for Detroit Automobile Company. Mr. Leland also managed the new plant. This new car immediately met with enormous success and has made much history in Motordom.

Although Mr. Murphy and Mr. Ford severed their business connection they always remained friends. I was with Mr. Murphy at Mr. Ford's home in Dearborn at a later date when Mr. Ford remarked that he had always regretted Mr. Murphy had not along with him and the Ford Motor Company.

General Motors, under Durant, was having hard sledding. The Oldsmobile, Oakland and Buick were not doing so well. Cadillac was making money hand over fist. Mr. Durant thought that if he could acquire the Cadillac Company it would carry General Motors until the other companies got into real production and sales. He approached the Cadillac group offering them \$200 a share, but as they had been through a good deal of disappointment and trouble in getting started, or as Mr. Murphy expressed it, "sweated a lot of blood," they weren't going to sell out for \$200 a share now that things were coming their way. Mr. Durant returned to New York and, I'm told, approached the House of Morgan where he told his story. Mr. Morgan said, "Go back to Detroit and offer them \$400 a share." Mr. Durant followed instructions and the offer was accepted. The Cadillac Motor Company soon became the backbone of General Motors, and remained its mainstay until Buick took over the load.

The original purchase agreement made between Mr. Durant and Mr. William H. Murphy for the purchase of Cadillac Motor Company is one of my valued possessions. The par value of the stock was \$100 per share. They sold for \$400, so the investment worked out quite satisfactorily. It was before the days of income tax.

I, like everyone who knew him, always admired Edsel

Ford. He was a quiet, unobtrusive person with many highly developed abilities. If he leaned at all, it was in the artistic direction.

Though active in the management of the Ford Motor Company, Edsel was possessed of a high sense of civic duty which he fulfilled by accepting time consuming appointments and working on various enterprises directed toward the public good.

Edsel used to enjoy spending spare time designing and styling automobiles; putting on paper his ideas for the car of the future.

Highly respected throughout the business world, Edsel Ford was also held in equal esteem by labor. This is a combination not often duplicated in the history of Labor Relations.

When Edsel died everyone in Detroit felt that he had lost a friend. Mourning his death was not limited to intimates, but was nation-wide; international.

After leaving University of Notre Dame, I went over to Holland, Michigan, and spent two years there with the Grand Rapids, Holland and Chicago Railroad, a double track line from Grand Rapids through Holland to the Lake Michigan Shore, where in summer it connected with boats running to Chicago. Business men could leave Grand Rapids in the evening on a special boat train, that took them right out on the dock, then transfer to the boat, sleep through the night and arrive in Chicago at seven o'clock next morning.

I worked in the pits at the car shops the first six months I spent in Holland. Later I wound armatures. It was then I learned to chew tobacco. I had to learn for comfort's sake.

To correct a flat wheel it was necessary to lift the car with chain falls, roll the trucks from under, remove the axles, and set in a new set of wheels. Much of this work was done while I stood in the pit under the cars. In summer

time, the warm grease would run from the gear pans like olive oil. To avoid becoming greased from head to foot, workmen wore their caps pulled down to cover their hair and ears; they tied their overall jacket collars tight with a rubber band at the neck. There was no way, however, to keep the filthy grease from dropping on one's face. Not wanting the stuff in my mouth, I always kept a good wad of tobacco in my cheek to overcome the bad taste of warm grease and to be able to spit it out when it trickled in. This method was general among all my co-workers.

A while later, I was promoted and moved to Grand Rapids, spending a little time in the freight department. We used to ship vast quantities of fruit from the fruit belt around Holland and Saugatuck to Chicago. We loaded the fruit on boats in the evening and it was delivered to the South Water Street commission merchants in Chicago the next morning. The hotels along the Michigan Lake Shore and in Grand Rapids bought their fruit from Chicago dealers, and often some of the same fruit we had shipped over to Chicago one night was shipped back to the consumer trade aboard the same boat the next night.

After we completed loading the boat for Chicago I could go home. Unfortunately, the last electric car had always completed its trip by the time I was ready to start, so I was forced to walk about a mile along the tracks to the town, Jenison, where I roomed. Half way between the loading pier and Jenison was the Macatawa Yacht Club. On my way home one Saturday evening I noticed there was an unusual amount of excitement at the Club. Boats had come from Muskegon, Grand Haven, Benton Harbor, and other Lake Michigan Clubs for a week-end regatta and there were many valuable prizes to be awarded. I learned later these were laid out on tables in the Club making a tempting display. And indeed it was tempting, because during the day or evening a couple of housebreakers had

seen it and had returned at midnight to loot the tables. It was my bad luck that they decided to do the thieving about the time I started home; for as I was passing I heard gun shots and the whine of bullets in the air. The guards at the Club were shooting at the thieves who had made their escape in the direction from which I had come. I was in the direct line of fire so I threw myself flat on the ground to escape being hit and I was just barely down when the two bandits ran within ten feet of me into the woods which surround Macatawa Bay. I didn't make my presence known and so far as I know the bandits were never caught. If they were as frightened as I was by the gun shots, it may be they never tried such a stunt again.

Later on I worked for the Detroit United Railway in its Rochester Car Shops, and eventually I became night superintendent of the street car system of Flint. At length I asked for a day-time job, but my immediate superior was unwilling to give me one because, as he explained it, night men were hard to get. I resigned.

Mr. Frank Brooks was General Manager of the Company. Some time later he asked me why I hadn't come down to see him before leaving. I replied that the superintendent in charge on the East Side told me that if I went down to Number 12, the General Office, to get a day job he would block it. I said to Mr. Brooks: "If you asked him about me you would believe him before you would me, wouldn't you?" To this he agreed and I answered, "That is the reason I didn't come to see you."

The following two years I was employed helping construct long-distance telephone lines. From September until May we were engaged in running a line to Flint. I measured every foot of the way from Holbrook Avenue and St. Aubin Streets in Detroit to Holly, Michigan. The first time we had a surveyor's measurement line, and I walked it foot by foot carrying the chain. The next trip we made through

we dug the holes and spotted the poles. The third time, we set the crossarms and guy wires, and on the last trip we set the glass insulators and strung the wires.

I was the walking office on the job and went ahead and engaged board and lodging in the farmers' homes for the workmen. We would put from four to six men in a house, depending on its size, of course. The farmers would give them three meals and a bed, or at least a mattress on the floor, for \$1 a day per man.

When trees or other farm property was damaged by our construction work I would have to settle with the farmers and secure a release from any additional claims. I had to spot railroad cars in different towns, to see that poles, crossarms, and wire were available when needed. We hired farmers' teams and wagons to haul the material to the proper location.

The pole and cross-arm setters were a tough bunch of men. They were migrant workers, here one year and off in some distant section of the country the next. They worked hard, mostly out in the open air in all kinds of weather, from 10 degrees below zero to 100 degrees in the shade.

Very often at night while out on the job I needed to contact the home office. I would put on a pair of climbers and with a portable phone climb up to the top of a pole, hook it on to the wires and call in, telling them where to spot cars, and give other information necessary.

I remember, once in the winter phoning Serena, it was long before we were engaged. She asked me where I was, and I told her "on top of a telephone pole between Pontiac and Big Beaver." "I think you are crazy," she bantered.

Around 1900 among the big plants in Detroit and vicinity were the Detroit Stove Works, the Parke, Davis, and the Frederick Stearns pharmaceutical houses. We had the Scotten Dillon and the Bagley Tobacco Works, and many other industries.

The Detroit Shipbuilding Company afterwards became the American Shipbuilding Company and moved its plant to Cleveland, although the Great Lakes Engineering Company at Ecorse still builds many large ships.

The Diamond Match Company had a plant here but later left the City when lumber was exhausted. There were three big alkali plants: Solvay Process, Michigan Alkali, and Pennsylvania Salt Company. Over on Grand River near the corner of Warren was a concern that used to make about all the pins used in the country. Yes; PINS.

Marine engine building was another important industry. Among the pioneers in this field was The Sintz Company.

From Dequindre to St. Aubin along Monroe Avenue are still remnants of a long brick building just one story high. Until about 1927, these were used to house the repair shops of the Detroit United Railway but originally were The Pullman Company Shops. I remember my father telling me that The Pullman Company wanted to build a new plant on Russell Street from Ferry Avenue, north to the railroad tracks at Milwaukee, an area about half a mile long. The only thing they asked from the City in order to get the plant started was a pavement on Russell Street. The City refused to do it. Consequently, The Pullman Company moved from Detroit and established their plant at Pullman, Illinois, outside of Chicago.

The old Pullman plant here was very interesting, being built in two equal halves with space between where cars could be run back and forth on a travelling carriage while in process of construction.

The American Car and Foundry plant was later built on the proposed Pullman site. It begins near Ferry and Russell Streets and runs north to the Milwaukee Junction area. The American Car and Foundry Company purchased the Peninsular Car Company and the Michigan Car Company, and combined the three into the present firm.

They often talk about the automobile industry being the pioneers in mass production. In my opinion that statement is incorrect, because in the American Car and Foundry Company Shops, boxcars were built on a production line basis before mass production of automobiles began. Trucks were set on the rails, then the sills or frames were mounted in place, after which the siding and roof were applied to them. When the cars arrived at the end of that production line or track, they were completed, the last operation being the painting accomplished with a hose and spray. I watched this operation many, many times. The lettering on finished cars was done by hand and stencil.

Of course, long before this time Eli Whitney had built his cotton gin on a sort of production line basis, and using replaceable parts. Samuel Colt with his firearms was the first one, however, to assemble a manufactured product in the modern manner, or so the text books say.

They built many ships here during World War I. The American Shipbuilding Company at Wyandotte, and the Great Lakes Shipbuilding Company at Ecorse were the largest firms in the business. Of course, these companies didn't build the huge vessels that were constructed along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. They were limited to the size of vessel they could build because in order to get them to the Atlantic they had to go through the Lachine Locks. The Locks were not quite 300 feet long so the boats had to stay within that length. One ship was turned out every four weeks, in each of those plants. That was a remarkable achievement in those days. Of course, that didn't approach what Kaiser finally succeeded in doing on the West coast during World War II, but they've developed a lot of new processes the most important one being arc welding. This eliminated riveting the ship plates.

Joseph Boyer was one of our finest citizens. He lived in St. Louis with a man named Burroughs who developed

an adding machine. Because of the industrial soundness of Detroit they established their business here, and built the plant, which has since been much enlarged on Second Boulevard. Mr. Boyer also had something to do with bringing the Chicago Pneumatic Tool plant to Detroit. Their plant stands alongside the Burroughs plant, but is not part of the Burroughs business, nor interlocked.

Mr. Boyer didn't like to be bothered by people, so when they erected the office in the old building he had false office walls installed, entirely separate from the building walls and with a four-foot gap between them. When Mr. Boyer was ready to leave for home he could go without employees or visitors being aware of it. Standish Backus and I once spent an afternoon exploring the structure.

Mr. Joseph Boyer developed the DeLuxe automobile years ago. It was a very heavy car and not a financial success. As a result the project was abandoned.

D. M. Ferry and Company has been a firm of impressive size all through my life. Acme White Lead was and is one of our big plants. This is the concern that took over the Peninsular Lead and Color Works mentioned in another chapter and in which the family was interested. Berry Brothers is another business of national reputation, in fact international, because their varnishes have been used over all the world for more than a hundred years. I think one of the most beautiful conservatories I've ever seen was the one owned by Mr. Joseph Berry out at Grosse Pointe. He was a great flower fancier. Within the last few years the conservatory was removed.

The Russel family, Al Russel, established the Russel Wheel and Foundry. Detroit Copper and Brass was a very large concern. It is now part of the Anaconda Copper Company. The Buhl Family, grandfathers of the present elder Buhls, were important in the copper and brass industry, and successful investors in other business.

Lincoln Motor Car Company was formed during World War I to build Liberty motors. After the war they manufactured automobiles in the plant at Livernois and Warren Avenues. The Lincoln Motor Car Company was never very successful. They built a quality car but it had a rather awkward appearance. Later the Ford Motor Company took it over.

The night that Mr. Murphy, Mr. Boyer, Mr. Trix and Mr. Leland got together to form Lincoln Motors Corporation, to build Liberty Motors for the Government, I happened to be at the house, having come into Detroit on furlough from Fort Sheridan. It wasn't a matter of profit. These men wanted to do something for the war effort, to help win the war. The Liberty, an airplane motor, was the most important thing needed at the time. The motor was designed in Washington but the Government was having a hard time getting sufficient production. Leland and his group did it, along with Packard and one or two other manufacturers.

In the early days of the automobile here, the Olds Company with its Oldsmobile was a top producer of cars in Detroit. Their plant was next to the Detroit Stove Works where the U. S. Rubber Company is located.

Detroit's widely diversified industries, and the abundant supply of trained mechanics were probably the chief attractions to the automobile industry when it established here during the early 1900's. In addition, of course, the courage, ingenuity and competitive spirit of Detroit's young men—and their young money—deserve a lot of credit, too.

There was a time in Detroit when it seemed like we had a bank on nearly every downtown corner. When the Dime Bank was organized it actually solicited initial deposits of a dime. Little round banks, about as big as your thumb were given out and dimes could be dropped into them until five dollars was accumulated. Then to the bank, a deposit

credit entered and a new start toward another five dollars was made. This plan encouraged many to begin to save.

I went in, once, to see John Bodde at the Peoples Bank and asked him for a loan. He had known me for twenty-five years.

"Where is your collateral?"

"I haven't any," I said.

"You have got a lot of nerve to come in here and ask for a loan without collateral," he snapped.

I asked him if he considered J. P. Morgan a good banker, to which he replied, "One of the best this country has ever had."

"Well," I said, "he once made the statement that he would rather loan money to a man in whose character he had confidence than he would to some other man with bushels of collateral. John," I continued, "you have known me twenty-five years."

"Give me that note," he said; he put his O.K. on it and I went to a teller and got the money.

Bodde was a good banker and one of the finest men I ever knew. Popular legend has it that until the bank closings in 1933, he was the only banker in the City who was permitted by his Board of Directors to approve a loan for a million dollars without consulting the Loan Committee.

At the beginning of the century and until well after World War I Detroit had at least twice as many banks as are to be found in the city now. These banks were chartered and fostered by men of high integrity and character. As a boy and as a man I have known many of these gentlemen personally.

The Detroit Bank, formerly called the Detroit Savings Bank, and in its beginning, Detroit Savings Fund Institute, is the oldest bank in Michigan. Within a few months it will have attained its One Hundredth anniversary, having been incorporated May 5, 1849.

Elon Farnsworth, ex-chancellor of the State of Michigan; Shubael Conant, Dr. Zina Pitcher, David Smart, Charles Moran, George M. Rich, John Palmer, Levi Cook, James A. Hicks, Benjamin D. Kercheval and Gurdon Williams, were the first trustees of the institution. The Savings Fund Institute was unlike other banks in that it was a simple trust without capital stock.

Chancellor Farnsworth was the first president of the Institute's governing board and so remained until it was reorganized in 1871 under a new statute governing banks in Michigan. It was then the name of the institution was changed to "Detroit Savings Bank" with a capital set-up of \$200,000. Chancellor Farnsworth became president of the new bank, continuing on in the same manner he had with the Savings Institute and it was not until his death in 1883 that the bank elected its second president, Alex H. Adams, who had been with the institution since 1855. This enterprise has always been conservatively managed and descendants of many original stockholders and directors are financially interested in the enterprise. It changed its name to The Detroit Bank just a few years ago.

The Wayne County Savings Bank was another institution where I was well acquainted. The founder was William D. Wesson. In writing about Mr. Wesson in his book, "The History of Detroit," Clarence M. Burton remarks, "William B. Wesson was an extensive land-owner and dealer in lands. He did more than any other single individual of his time in providing homes for people of small means. That Detroit for many years was known as a City of Homes is largely due to Mr. Wesson." Associated with Mr. Wesson in the organization of the Wayne County Savings Bank were many names well-known in Detroit, among them, John J. Bagley, Jerome Croul, G. M. Perry, J. S. Farrand and William A. Moore, the grandfather of my brother-in-law, William V. H. Moore. This bank grew

so rapidly that both its quarters and capital had soon to be enlarged. New quarters were secured by the erection of a building into which the bank moved on the fifteenth of December in 1876. The capital of the bank, originally \$50,000, was increased at the same time to \$100,000 paid in. In 1913 the bank amended its articles of association and changed its name to The Wayne County and Home Savings Bank. This resulted from the merger of the Wayne County Savings Bank and the Home Savings Bank which was organized some seventeen years after the Wayne County began its operation.

Another old highly regarded Detroit bank was the People's Bank which began in 1871 when a group of ten men including Francis Palms, M. W. O'Brien and others subscribed \$3000 each or a total of \$30,000 and associated themselves as a banking company. Their idea was to have a sort of "bank for the people," one which would stress frugality and cooperation, and to indicate this they chose a beehive for the bank emblem. Mr. Francis Palms was the first president of this bank and M. W. O'Brien, a lumberman from Saginaw, was the cashier. A little later the bank became known as the People's State Bank having consolidated with the State Savings Bank which began operations in 1883 with two Kentucky capitalists as sponsors. In the late 1920's the People's State consolidated with the Wayne County and Home Savings Bank and the name People's Wayne County Bank was assumed. The People's Bank as originally organized occupied quarters in the old Moffatt block, predecessor of the Penobscot Tower. Among the directors associated with M. O. O'Brien as president of the People's Bank were C. A. DuCharme, Francis Palms, my uncle, Fred Moran, and several others whose names I do not recall.

The First National Bank in Detroit opened on October 5, 1863. Its capital was \$100,000 with Mr. Philo Parsons

as president and Henry C. Kibbee, the cashier. After a bit over one year of operation the State Bank of Michigan acquired a majority of stock in the First National and combined its business with theirs, at which time, Mr. Samuel B. Brady became president, Loranzo E. Clark, vice-president and Emory Wendell, the cashier. In another year the bank increased its capital to \$200,000 and three years later, consolidated itself with an old and wealthy institution called the Insurance Bank. The name, First National, was continued. Later, the First National acquired the business of the Commercial National Bank and the Merchants and Manufacturers Bank. The Commercial National Bank had already taken over the Preston National Bank, an institution with which I am not at all familiar. I do remember, however, that a rather shoddy trick is said to have been played upon Mr. Charles Palms. The owners of the Preston National, possibly needing some window-dressing, persuaded Mr. Palms to become its president. Unfortunately, at the time this persuading was done, the bank was ready to fold up and within a few months after Mr. Palms accepted the position the bank was closed and its business was taken over by the Commercial National.

Mergers followed upon mergers. In 1913 the Old Detroit National Bank combined with the First National adding up to a capital and surplus of \$3,000,000 with deposits of \$24,000,000. The total resources of the combined banks, still the First National were about \$30,000,000. The Old Detroit National was the outgrowth of the Second National Bank which had been organized in 1863 with a capital of \$500,000, increased two years later to \$1,000,000, which made it, at the time, one of the largest National Banks in the West. Among those heavily interested in this organization were Senator Zachariah Chandler and others who also comprised the first board of directors, C. H. Buhl, Eber B. Ward, Henry B. Baldwin, James F. Joy, Allan

Sheldon, John Stevens, Chauncey Hurlbut, Duncan Stewart and M. W. Brooks. Rather oddly, the Second National Bank was, in the main, conducted by the directors who met every day, which perhaps was not a bad idea and during the 1920's might have been a splendid idea among banks then existing in Detroit. National Bank charters are issued, or were at the time, for twenty years and when the first charter of the Second National expired, it was reorganized as the Detroit National and at the end of twenty years, making it forty years old at the time, it became the Old Detroit National.

While all this was going on, other banks had been organized and had become successful. Among these was the American Exchange National Bank of Detroit. It was taken over by the Old Detroit in 1912 when on its own, it had a capital of \$2,500,000 with deposits of \$23,000,000 and and resources of \$26,500,000.

Renaming of the consolidated bank seemed in order. So following the merger of the two institutions, it was called, First and Old Detroit National Bank, as indication of its origins. This took place in 1914. This merger made the institution one of the strongest National Banks in the United States, excepting New York and Chicago. Financial statements as of June, 1920, showed that it had a capital and surplus of \$7,500,000 and deposits of \$79,496,000. The business grew gracefully on and in 1922 its new building was completed on the site of the old Pontchartrain Hotel. Its new home was to be in the tallest bank building in Michigan and one of the most costly buildings in Detroit. Just before the First and Old Detroit National Bank moved into these new quarters, its name was changed (January, 1922) to First National Bank in Detroit. Mr. Emory W. Clark was its president. The list of directors, vice-presidents and assistants was long. Too long to include in this narrative.

In 1916, the Michigan National Bank was organized,

but before it had opportunity to begin operations, all of the stock was purchased by the Wayne County and Home Savings Bank, though no merger was involved. The name was not changed until December 30, 1919, when the Wayne County and Home Savings Bank took over operation of the business and converted the original bank which stood at the corner of Mack and St. Jean Avenues, into a branch.

In 1914, Mr. John Ballantyne and several well-known business men started a new National Bank. They capitalized for \$1,000,000 with \$250,000 surplus and named it Merchants National Bank. The bank opened for business on August 25, 1914 with officers: John Ballantyne, president; David Grey, vice-president; John P. Hemmeter, vice-president, and Benjamin G. Vernor, Cashier. The success of this bank was phenomenal. Deposits of over \$1,000,000 were made the first day and on December 31, 1914, its deposits totaled \$3,103,172.86. During the early twenties this bank moved into the Ford Building where it operated until the numerous mergers were accomplished during the mid-1920's. At the time it moved into the Ford Building, Merchants National had a capital of \$2,000,000 and a surplus well over \$1,000,000.

The Peninsular State Bank for all of its years did business in its own building at 138 West Fort Street. The Peninsular Bank was organized August 27, 1887 with J. H. Johnson, the president. In 1920, capitalization of the Peninsular State Bank was \$3,500,000 and it had assets of about \$45,000,000.

In listing banks I remember well, I must not overlook the National Bank of Commerce. Its organization was made possible by the merger of the First and Old National Banks. Mr. Henry H. Sanger, now chairman of the board of the Manufacturers National Bank of Detroit was detailed to find capital for the new enterprise. This capital was originally to total \$500,000 with a surplus of \$100,000, but

the stock was so heavily over-subscribed it was decided to increase the capital to \$750,000. Stock had a par value of \$100 per share but was sold at \$120 which gave the bank a surplus of \$150,000. When the bank was organized, Mr. Richard P. Joy became president, William B. Hamilton the vice-president, and Mr. Sanger its cashier. Business was begun on June 1, 1907 and deposits that day reached nearly \$850,000. It opened for business on the first floor of the Union Trust Building but it grew so rapidly that in the fall of the same year it moved into its new banking house at 144 West Fort Street, next door to the Peninsular State Bank. There it remained, until the merger days in 1928-30.

The Dime Savings Bank was first projected in the year 1884, and May 1st of that year it opened for business with a capital stock of \$60,000. The first Board of Directors of the Dime Savings Bank consisted of A. M. Henry, S. M. Cutcheon, James E. Scripps, William Livingston, J. L. Hudson, William Hull, R. J. F. Roehm, E. W. Voight and Charles A. Warren. The first officers chosen to lead the institution were Mr. Cutcheon, president; Mr. Scripps, vice-president, and Frederick Woolfenden, cashier.

Numerous other banks did business in Detroit prior to 1920, among these I remember well. The American State Bank which had its main office on Griswold Street at Capital Park. There was the Bank of Detroit which was not organized until 1916 and for the years of its existence occupied its own building on Fort Street near the corner of Wayne. This bank was generally considered to be a James Couzens enterprise.

The Central Savings Bank was located in the Majestic Building for a long time, and was a strong and highly regarded institution. It was founded by Joseph C. Hart and began operations under the direction of Mr. Gilbert Hart who was its first president. In later years, when the First National Bank Building was completed, Central Savings

Bank took most of the first floor of this building and was later absorbed into one of the banking groups. It was then under the direction of Mr. Harry J. Fox, its president.

The First State Bank which grew out of a private banking business started by Edward Kanter as E. Kanter and Company at the foot of Woodward Avenue in 1853 became the German-American Bank in 1871, proud holder of State charter No. 5. This institution operated as the "German-American" for many years and in the late 'teens changed its name to The First State Bank, but made no alteration in its structure. At one time this institution occupied the Family Theater corner in Cadillac Square, also the old McGraw Building corner at Lafayette and Griswold. In the late 1920's through a merger with The Griswold State Bank it became known as the Griswold First State Bank and within a few months lost its identity entirely by becoming a branch of the Guardian National Bank, the result of further mergers.

Other active and live banks in Detroit, none of them could be called large but nevertheless in the estimation of the people and judging from the confidence reposed in them, were the Commonwealth-Federal Savings Bank located in the Hammond Building and so named after a merger between the Federal which was organized in 1909, and the Commonwealth which was organized in 1916. It finally became the Commonwealth-Commercial Bank following its taking over the business of the Commercial State Savings Bank which for a few years was located in the Penobscot Building. More recently the bank has changed its name again and is now the Commonwealth Bank. It moved diagonally across the street into the banking space formerly occupied by the Dime Savings Bank about fifteen years ago.

In 1901 the United Savings Bank was organized and as part of its beginning took over the Detroit United Bank. United Savings operates under a Savings Bank charter

granted by the State of Michigan and from the days of its first organization has been aggressive though very conservative, working in the savings field exclusively.

Another bank I remember is the Continental Bank of Detroit which was organized right after the World War about 1921. Its president was Mr. Walter G. Toepel. It was a small bank, the capital and surplus of which in the early twenties was nearly but not quite \$1,000,000. Just what became of this bank I do not remember. It was probably absorbed in one of the mergers which went on throughout the fascinating, still provoking 1920's. There were other banks, names of which I do not recall. In the main, they were located in populous districts, away from the downtown business center.

There were, of course, literally dozens of small banks scattered around Wayne County and which should really be considered as part of the Detroit banking picture. In Highland Park and in Dearborn, as well as in Hamtramck, there were numerous banks operating under substantially the same name as parent institutions in Detroit. The Dime Savings Bank of Hamtramck, the Highland Park State Bank, the American State Bank of Highland Park, Peninsular State Bank of Highland Park, the People's State Bank of Highland Park, are examples.

In 1910, the Dearborn State Bank was established, under just what auspices I do not know, though by 1920 it had come under the control of Mr. Henry Ford and had a capital of \$100,000.

Our small, substantial, almost intimately operated banks, with but few exceptions, became branches of one of the huge banking groups, namely, the Detroit Bankers, and the Guardian Group in the late 1920's.

Detroit banks weathered the 1907 financial crisis in a splendid manner, and bridged the depression of 1921 successfully. Then, in Detroit, the biggest business ever and the

realization, that industry had outgrown the banks. Large though some of them were, to handle the borrowings of the automobile industry alone was more than could be managed locally. Consolidation of resources seemed to be, and probably was, the solution to the problem. Thus, the numerous mergers of Detroit banks. One after another names of banks familiar so long they are actually graven in memory of most Detroiters were erased from the buildings they had occupied and instead new names appeared: First National Bank-Detroit, Guardian National Bank of Detroit; Branch, Branch, Branch, ad infinitum.

1933 — February 13th — They called it Bank Holiday but our two largest banks were closed. Just why this was done, no one knows, but general belief is political spite and the cheapest sort of politics brought it about. First National Bank-Detroit and the Guardian National Bank were made the whipping boys for the Bank Crisis of 1933. These banks were declared insolvent and placed first in the hands of an agent, called a "Conservator," of the Treasury Department, and a few weeks later into receivership. That these banks were solvent is questioned by no one. Over the period of intervening years, all depositors in these banks have been paid their every dollar, with interest added. The stockholders of these banks have had returned to them a goodly portion of the assessments levied against them after the banks were closed. Many well-informed people, Detroiters familiar with the liquidation procedure, are under the impression that the receivership costs ran into such sums of money that had there never been receiverships, these banks would still be in operation.

It is interesting, however, to point to the fact that the only major banks in Detroit that remained closed after the so-called "bank holiday" in February and part of March in 1933 were those operating under a National Bank charter. The large downtown State Banks reopened and are doing

business today. These are the Detroit Bank, the Commonwealth Bank, and the Industrial, the latter nationalized January 1, 1941.

New banks, of course, have been formed: The National Bank of Detroit, The Manufacturers National Bank and the Wabeek State Bank; also a few reorganized institutions located in nearby Wayne County cities and towns.

Soon to open is the City Bank of which this writer is a director. This bank will occupy the beautiful bank floors in the Penobscot Building, where for most of the years since the old Moffat Block was erected, a Detroit owned and operated bank has occupied the Fort and Griswold corner.

Morris Plan Banking came to Detroit in 1917. An odd year to start a bank; that in which we entered First World War. Eugene W. Lewis brought the bank into being and, at first, he and his associates called it "Industrial Morris Plan Bank." It so operated for nearly twenty-three years. The bank was organized in order to solve a problem. Mr. Lewis, connected with Timken-Detroit Axle, brought many men and their families here from Canton when he organized that business. For some reason, slump of employee income because of war in which the United States was not yet engaged had caused a shortage of funds among Timken-Detroit employees. Mr. Lewis and his associates overcame the difficulty, which had created an undesirable triangular position of employer-banker-employee at the plant. After the Industrial Morris Plan was organized, "T-D" employees could borrow from the bank under the Morris Plan of making personal loans. It is interesting to note that other industrialists and many Detroit bankers were faced with a similar problem. Morris Plan seemed to be the "out" and it was. The bank, organized for a special purpose, has grown into one of Detroit's highly regarded banking institutions. Eugene W. Lewis is Chairman of the Board.

When old St. Anne's Church which with its graveyard occupied the block bounded by Larned, Bates, Congress and Randolph was sold by Bishop Borgess to Governor Bagley in the late 1870's, about two-thirds of the money was awarded to the new St. Anne's Parish, out at Howard and 24th Street which was in the midst of a large French district. There they built the very handsome edifice that is there today. When I drive by this old church on Howard Street and read the inscription on its cornerstone, "Founded in 1701," I am reminded how old Detroit really is and realize that here is the oldest parish in the Continental United States, with only the exception in St. Augustine.

The balance of the money received from the sale of St. Anne's was given to the French people on the east side of the city. They built a church on the northwest corner of Fort and Dubois, known as St. Joachim's. Sermons there were usually delivered in French.

Fifty years ago, when walking with my father one Sunday afternoon, we visited Mt. Elliott Cemetery to look over the family lot. There I found headstones of both my grandfather and great grandfather, but did not find any for Claude Charles Moran, my great great grandfather, who was the first member of the family to settle in Detroit. I asked Father where C. C. M. was buried and he explained that when the original St. Anne's Cemetery near Jefferson and Griswold, where they buried C. C., was removed to the new St. Anne's Church Cemetery at Larned and Randolph, and again when this property was taken over by Governor Bagley, those in the graveyard were moved to a small plot of ground now known as "Clinton Park" on St. Antoine, just off Gratiot Avenue, opposite St. Mary's Hospital.

Within a very short period of time it was realized that these facilities were inadequate. In 1841 Mt. Elliott Cemetery on the street of that name at Kercheval Avenue had been established in what was then "out in the Coun-

try," so additional property was acquired, added to this cemetery and the occupants of present day Clinton Park were moved to Mt. Elliott. Evidently the epitaph on Shakespeare's tombstone—

*"Blest be the man that spares these stones
and cursed be he who moves these bones"*

meant nothing to our forebears. I daresay many of them were not even familiar with Shakespeare. This for Claude Charles establishes a record. He had three or four resting places in the century after his death. We cannot be sure about the four as his dust was misplaced in the last move.

Elmwood Cemetery, at the corner of Elmwood and Lafayette Avenues, was established about the same time as Mt. Elliott. That cemetery occupies one of the most naturally beautiful spots in the city. A little stream, known as "Bloody Run" runs through these grounds, providing a most picturesque valley. I cannot recall any similar spot until one goes to our city's westerly limits where another lovely valley is to be found in River Rouge Park.

When seven years of age I was taken to Dresden, Tennessee by my grandfather on his return home from one of his visits with my mother. His residence, where my mother was born, on a large piece of rolling property covered with pine and oaks, was composed of the main house in the shape of an "L" with a veranda or porch and around its inside was a separate building for the dining room and kitchen. The smoke house where hams and bacons were cured adjoined. The place originally had been a large plantation but by the time I arrived, due to my grandfather's absences while in Congress and the period spent as Clerk of the House of Representatives, a good portion had been disposed of. I had a wonderful time there and learned about hunting fox and other game. On the second day of my visit, I discovered a persimmon tree with the ripe fruit begging to be picked. Naturally I gorged myself never

before having heard of, seen nor tasted this delicious fruit. My consequent illness was unpleasant.

Our nearest neighbors were a very friendly family, by odd coincidence, also named Moran, not related. They had a lovely little daughter named Marion with whom I promptly fell in love. During my three months visit there we were constant companions. I spent more daylight hours at the Morans than I did at grandfather's. Mr. Moran was the town banker and had a large, imposing home. The sons of the family, boys about twice my age, teased me a lot about being a Yankee, the first time I had ever heard the word, let alone knowing its meaning.

On my return North Grandfather Etheridge took me as far as Cincinnati, where we were met by my father. After spending the night at the Grand Hotel which at the time was an impressive and beautiful building, Father brought me home to Detroit. For weeks afterwards I was a source of delight and amusement to my brothers because of the southern drawl that I had unconsciously acquired.

The first time I ever had any contact with an alcoholic content drink was when my cousin, Kitty Moran was married to Strathearn Hendrie. The wedding took place in my uncle's residence on Jefferson Avenue. This was a night wedding and since we lived only a block away, I was permitted to attend. There I met William Hendrie, the groom's younger brother; his age about the same as mine. After the ceremony, while the reception was getting started, Bill Hendrie and I started roaming around the house and in the dining room saw a huge bowl of what we thought was lemonade. The colored man who was serving gave us each a glass of this "lemonade." It was marvelous so we asked for more. I think we each drank about three cups full though that is something I do not remember. And no wonder. Our "lemonade" was champagne punch. Bill and I became hilarious and we had to be taken home.

James Holden is an "old-timer" in Detroit. He has been here all his life and is as much a part of the city as is Woodward Avenue. He and his good companion, Murray Sales, have so many friends they can hardly count them, much less, see them very often; and they don't like it that way. They have solved the problem in a good old-fashioned manner. Each year a Christmas Party, the biggest and best stag affair of the year, to which it seems all Detroit of consequence is invited and accepts.

Jim Holden tells a story, very complimentary to my mother and her persuasive abilities. In 1908, when he was a member of the Common Council, Mother, then President of the Michigan Chapter of the U. S. Daughters of 1812, appeared at the Council requesting an appropriation of money needed to complete the monument of General Alexander Macomb then being erected at Washington Boulevard and Michigan Avenue. Mother was courteously received by the men and shortly after her arrival made her appeal for funds. Evidently she made an excellent talk for without any argument the Council voted unanimously to accede to her request and the money to complete the monument was appropriated.

Serving on the Council was a Detroit "character" named Eddie Barnett. Eddie got elected merely because he controlled the votes of several precincts near his place of business on Atwater Street. It must have been he was captivated by mother's personality and the straightforward presentation of her project. In any event Eddie voted "aye" along with the rest of the Councilmen. Mother thanked them, left the Council Chamber and as soon as she closed the door, Eddie Barnett leaned over to Jim Holden whispering, so that everyone could hear, "Say, Jim, who in Hell was this guy Macomb, anyhow?"

THEN, AND NOW, AND THEN

Detroit was a peaceful, contented city at this century's turn. Racial and other animosities, so prevalent now, were either non-existent or but little considered then. My family, of Catholic faith, lived in complete peace and harmony with our neighbors of other faiths. There on Jefferson Avenue, where we lived, was our old church at the corner of St. Antoine. On the south side of Jefferson between Rivard and Hastings Streets was Christ Episcopal Church, and nearby on the north side of the street was Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian Church. Sunday mornings all the families living on or near Jefferson Avenue attended one of the three churches, and very often, homeward bound they stopped to visit in each other's home or, in the summer time, to talk outside.

That religious prejudice existed in the United States never entered my mind until the newspaper called *The Menace* made its appearance. The few Negroes who resided here were completely assimilated. There were Negro postmen, barbers and a few lawyers and doctors. A barber named Brown had his shop on Larned Street between Russell and Rivard. There the Newberrys, Palms, Morans and others all patronized him. Brown was quite a philosopher and his opinions were invited by his customers. Detroit was a contented city in those days, and a wonderful town to live in. Today, I am sorry to say, intolerance, bigotry and prejudices are keener than ever before in my lifetime.

One of the most interesting neighborhoods in Detroit was Corktown, which centered around Holy Trinity Church. Some of our finest citizens came from Corktown, and many of the boys from there went to Detroit College; studied law, medicine, business or for other professions. Nearly all of them have done much more than merely "make good."

Speaking of Corktown brings to mind a story which deserves recording. Anyhow, I like it and hope you will.

A mission for women was being held at Holy Trinity. On one of the evenings when Mrs. McGinnis and Mrs. Flaherty attended, the priest discoursed on "The Joys and Sorrows of Married Life." Coming out of the church, Mrs. Flaherty remarked to Mrs. McGinnis, "and sure, Mrs. McGinnis, what did you think of the good Father's sermon tonight?"

"Ah," replied Mrs. McGinnis, "I wish to God I knew as little about the subject as he does."

I wonder, will a priest, to whose sermon I am listening some future Sunday, take for his text, "The Joys and Sorrows Involved in Writing a Book?"

THE END

FOOTNOTES

APPENDIX I

APPENDIX II

APPENDIX III

FOOTNOTES

CHAPTER I

¹*Le Bulletin des Recherches Historiques*, Vol. XXVII, 212 (July, 1921)

²*Le Bulletin des Recherches Historiques*, Vol. XXVII, 213 (July, 1921)

CHAPTER II

¹Our knowledge of this first owner of the Charles Moran farm is fragmentary. He was a Canadian who came with his wife, Charlotte Sanarias, to Detroit in Cadillac's time. They had nine children born at Detroit, the earliest in 1708 and the latest in 1723. Charlotte Sanarias was buried at Detroit in 1744. In 1721 Philis owned a lot on St. Jacques Street. About this time he was assaulted by Alphonse Tonty, the commandant, being "trampled under foot in his room" from which he "came out covered with blood." This was listed among other tyrannical acts perpetrated by Tonty in a complaint by six citizens of Detroit "to our Lords of the Council of the Navy" at Quebec in 1721. In 1720 Philis was a witness of the marriage of Surgeon Chapoton, and numerous other entries in the Ste. Anne Register indicate that he was a man of some standing in the community. The last entry shows him serving as godfather at a baptism in the autumn of 1741. There is no record of his burial, which suggests that he removed from Detroit. See Ste. Anne Parish Register and *Michigan Pioneer Collections*, especially Vol. XXXIII.

²Her will, carefully drawn up on December 29, 1762, is preserved among the Charles Moran Papers in the Detroit Public Library. For it, see Appendix II.

³The original grant is preserved among the Charles Moran Papers in the Detroit Public Library. Printed (in English translation) Appendix I.

⁴The excessively prolix document drafted to give legal expression to the exchange of farms affords one more convenient refutation of the popular Yankee fiction that the settlers of French Detroit were careless about their land titles and similar legal records.

⁵Doctor Chapoton had obtained from the government the grant of the second, or rear, concession of his farm in 1751.

CHAPTER III

¹Almon's *Remembrancer* (London, 1778), Vol. VI, 188-89. For the letter see Appendix III.

CHAPTER IV

¹Original in French. Present whereabouts of the document are unknown. For it see the *Detroit Daily Advertiser*, October 8, 1857.

²Basis of this complaint was the difference in size of the French and the English (or Winshester) bushel. Elsewhere we are told that the merchants employed the latter in purchasing grain from the farmers.

³This story was published in the *Detroit Democratic Free Press*, July 18, 1843; reprinted in *Michigan Pioneer Collections*, Vol. VII, 135.

⁴*Michigan Pioneer Collections*, X, 314.

⁵With customary Yankee indifference to the niceties of language, French "Laferte" now masquerades as Irish "Lafferty."

FOOTNOTES - continued

CHAPTER V

¹Especially payment for trees which the soldiers had cut down for use in erecting barracks. See letters preserved in Solomon Sibley Papers, at Burton Historical Collection, Detroit Public Library.

²Printed in *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, III, 322-24.

³Printed in Silas Farmer, *History of Detroit and Michigan*, I, 285.

⁴For sketch of his career by C. M. Burton see *Michigan Pioneer Collections*, XXXIV, 336-40.

⁵Printed in *Burton Historical Collection Leaflet*, IV, 7F.

⁶Printed in *Detroit Democratic Free Press*, Feb. 25, 1843.

Appendix I

Original Grant of Private Claims 5 and 6

1743 June 18

CHARLES MARQUIS DE BEAUHARNOIS, commander of the royal and military order of St. Louis, commodore of the royal fleet, governor and lieutenant general for the King over all New France and Louisiana.

GILLES HOCQUART Knight, King's Councilor, Comptroller of Justice, Police and Finance in the said countries.

On the petition presented to us by Jean Chapoton, surgeon at Detroit on Lake Erie, setting forth the necessity that he should sell the land which had been granted to him at the said place of Detroit as being too far distant from the Fort to enable him to care for the sick according to his duty as Surgeon; that he had already made for himself another home on a tract of land adjoining land of Charles Chauvin formerly belonging to one named Philis who afterwards abandoned it, that he had built on this land a house, barn, and stable, and made a clearing of considerable extent, which was his reason for this petition that we would grant him the two arpents of front by forty arpents of depth, formerly belonging to the said Philis, and also an increase of two arpents of front by the same depth. The said four arpents adjoining land of Charles Chauvin on the E.N.E. and ungranted land on the W.S.W. fronting on the said Lake Erie, and having ungranted lands also in the rear.

With Respect to which petition, considering the certificate of Mr. NeNoyan, Captain of a detachment of marines

and commandant of the said Place Detroit during the years 1740, 1741 and 1742, by which it appears that the said named Philis, resident of the said place, had been granted a tract of land of two arpents of front adjoining land of Charles Chauvin on the 1st of July, 1734, but had kept neither house nor home thereon during the said time nor had he made any clearing, and that the said named Chapoton, surgeon at the said Place Detroit, in consequence of the abandonment by the said Philis, has made considerable clearance upon the said land and has built thereon a house, barn, and stable, which said certificate is dated the 13th of the present month.

We, therefore, in virtue of the power jointly entrusted to us by His Majesty and according to the decree of His Council of State of the sixth of July, 1711, *have* reunited and do reunite to the King's domain the two arpents of land previously granted to the said Philis because of his lapse in not keeping house and home nor making any clearance, according to the terms of the said decree of Council of State and of his grant, and have declared the said Philis deprived of all rights of possession to the said two arpents of land, and these two arpents we have given, granted and conceded, and do give, grant and concede by these presents to the said Chapoton, together with an increase of two arpents of front by the said forty arpents of depth adjoining the first two, which four arpents of front by the said depth adjoin lands of Charles Chauvin on the E.N.E. by a line running N.N.W. and S.S.E., and ungranted lands on the W.S.W. by a line running parallel to the first, fronting on the said Lake Erie, and adjoining ungranted land in the rear by a line running E.N.E. and W.S.W.; to be enjoyed by the said Chapoton, his heirs and assigns, now and forever, according to the charges, clauses and conditions, to wit: that the said Chapoton, his heirs and assigns, shall be bound to carry

their grain to be ground at the common mill, when one shall have been built, on pain of confiscation of the said grain and of an arbitrary fine; that he shall keep thereon, or cause to be kept, a house and home (*tenir feu et lieu*) within one year at the latest; that he shall open the clearings of his neighbors as they may require it; that he shall cultivate the said land and leave therein the roadways which shall be found necessary for public use; that he shall make the division fences (*cloitures mitoyennes*) as it shall be settled; and that he shall pay every year to the receiver of His Majesty's domain in this country, or to the said receiver's clerk residing at Detroit, one *sol* of *cens* for each arpent of front and twenty *sols* of *rentes* for every twenty arpents in superficies, making for the said four arpents of front by forty of depth, 4 *sols* of *cens* and 8 *livres* of *rentes*; and moreover one bushel of wheat for the said four arpents of front; the whole payable every year on the festival day of St. Martin, the first year whereof shall become due on the eleventh day of November, 1744, and thus continue from year to year; the said *cens* bearing profit of *lods* and *ventes* default and forfeit, with all other royal and seignioral right, when the same become due, according to the Custom of the provostship and viscounty of Paris; however, it shall be at the option of the said Chapoton to pay the said 8 *livres* of *rentes* and 4 *sols* of *cens* in peltries at Detroit prices until a current money shall have been established; reserving in the King's name on the said habitation all the timber which his Majesty may require for the building of ships and such forts as he may hereafter erect, as well as the ownership of the mines, ores, and minerals, if any be found within the extent of the said concession; and the said Chapoton, his heirs and assigns, shall be held immediately responsible for the survey of the said concession, to be measured and bounded throughout its legal whole length and breadth, at his own expense, and

to execute the clauses contained in this title deed, and to take out a patent of confirmation from His Majesty within two years, the whole on pain of nullity of these presents.

In Testimony whereof we have signed these presents, and have had them countersigned by our secretaries, and the seals of our arms affixed thereto. Made and passed at Montreal the eighteenth day of June, 1743.

BEAUHARNOIS

HOCQUART

Seal

Seal

By order of Monseigneur
Channazart

By order of Monseigneur
Deschenaux

By virtue of an edict of March 20, 1673, the King had the right to an alienation fine, called *lods et ventes* (privilege of consent and sale), upon any sale or exchange of lands granted by the Crown *en route*, which were made by title called lease for cens or *cens et rentes*. This alienation fine amounted to the twelfth part of the price of the value of the land, though a fourth of this fine was usually remitted. Lands granted *en roture* were town lots and farms, or small tracts, as distinct from lands granted *en fief*, which were large tracts of various dimensions. All the grants at Detroit were grants *en roture*, but they were permanent estates under an *habendum* to them, their heirs and assigns.

On the petition presented by the above mentioned Chapoton to grant him a continuation of forty arpents in depth to the concession which has been made to him by title already confirmed, we have, in virtue of the authority vested in us by the General and by the Intendant, granted the said continuation with additional charges of 8 *livres* of *rentes* which he shall pay each year as above stipulated, the first year whereof shall become due on the eleventh day of November next and so continue from year to year. Executed at Detroit, the fifteenth day of February, 1751.

Celoron

de Monseigneur l'Intendant.
Navarre, subdelegue

Compared the above contract by order of the Commandant.
Detroit, Dec. 20, 1770.

P. DEJEAN,
Notary.

(In French.)

Recorded in the Detroit register April 15, 1775, folio
305, 306, 307 and 308.

P. DEJEAN,
Notary and Register.

Indorsement: Chs. and L. Moran

Recorded in liber G, f^o .25 of the land office.
(Writing of Peter Audrain, register, 1796.)

Appendix II

The Will of Madame Magdeleine Chapoton

Before the royal notaries, undersigned, of Detroit, resident there, was present Mrs. Magdeleine Chapoton, wife of Mr. Gabriel LeGrand, living with her said husband at Detroit in their house at No. 6 St. James Street, the place of their ordinary abode; the said lady being in feeble health for some months past, but perfectly sane of mind, good judgment and understanding, the said notaries having been asked to see the said lady in her room and she knowing the possibility of death, and fearing to be taken unprepared, before the expression of her last wishes, has made and dictated and named this her Will in the manner following:

Firstly, as a Christian of the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church, she recommends her soul to God, in humble supplication of His Divine Majesty to have pity upon her and to pardon her sins and to receive her in His Holy paradise with all the blessed.

She directs her debts to be paid, and any wrongs she may have done to be amended by her testamentary executor hereinafter named, to whom she submits herself entirely for burial, funeral expenses and other services.

It is her wish and intent that the said Gabriel LeGrand should recover after her death, without the least difficulty whatever, property he had in his own right before their marriage, consisting of one house and its dependency, which he has himself purchased, and his home, just as it was, or its equivalent, that is a justice which she owes to him and which she cannot overlook, having been married without

a dowry and inheriting very little from the estate of her deceased father.

And as for any surplus of all those things which she may leave after her decease, the present Will being fulfilled, she gives and bequeaths them to Miss Anne LeGrand, her sister-in-law, whom she names and appoints her sole legatee to dispose of them as though they were her own property, and in case the said Miss Anne LeGrand cannot be her heir she substitutes thereof the nearest relative, sister or niece; and to execute and fulfill the present Will, the said testator names and appoints Gabriel LeGrand, her husband, into whose hands she commits herself with all her goods according to the custom.

Revoking all former wills, codicils and voluntary acts, that she might heretofore have done, and willing the present should have place and be executed as her last will and intention. Thus was it made, dictated, and appointed by the said testatrix having declared that she cannot write. In the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty-two, and the notaries have signed.

TE
J. B. Campau Navarre

Compared with the original by me the notary undersigned at Detroit, this first of February, 1776.

P. DEJEAN,
Notary.

(French Text.)

Appendix III

John Dodge's Complaint of Tyranny at Detroit

Quebec, September 21, 1777

Sir,

Yesterday his Excellency Sir Guy was pleased to sign my pass a few hours before he set out for Montreal, notwithstanding any opposition that might have been made by our Detroit Nero, Lieutenant-governor Hamilton, who you know is in town here. From what you have heard of his cruel and tyrannical disposition, you must be well convinced how unhappy we are under his Government; you know what severity he used against me unjustly, how he has treated Mr. Bentley, and confessed to him in presence of several witnesses that he know very well his proceedings against Mr. Bentley were illegal, but that he was above the law; and added, "You may sue me if you please, but you'll get nothing, Government is obliged to support me in what I do"; a very fine confession for a Lieutenant-governor set over a free people. You know how he wanted to hurt Mr. Isaac Williams, and the cruel manner in which he treated Mr. Jonas Schindler, silversmith, who, after being honourably acquitted by a very respectable jury, he ordered to be drummed out of the town; Captain Lord of the 18th Regiment, late Comandant at the Illinois, and at that time commanding the garrison at Detroit, silenced the drum when it entered into the citadel in order to pass out the west gate with the prisoner, and said Lieutenant-governor Hamilton might exercise what acts of cruelty and oppression he pleased in the town, but that he would suffer

none in the citadel, and would take care to make such proceedings known to some of the first men in England; all these things are very cruel, but nothing like hanging men. Lieutenant-governor Hamilton to whom a commission for a Justice of the Peace was sent up only two or three months ago, which is the first that ever was given by proper authority to any one in Detroit, took upon him in the fall, 1775 to nominate and appoint a certain Philip Dejean (who ran away from hence some years ago, and fled to Detroit to screen himself from his creditors) to act as judge on the trial of Joseph Hacker (formerly a furrier in this town) for having killed his brother-in-law, Monsieur Moran, in a quarrel; he was found guilty, and Judge Dejean passed sentence of death upon him, which was approved of by Governor Hamilton, and put in execution a few days after under a guard of soldiers, who surrounded the gallows while he was hanged. In the spring 1776, they condemned and hanged also, Jean Contancinau, a Canadian, for having stolen some money, &c. from his master, and being concerned with a negro wench in attempting to set fire to his master's house. You'll readily allow that these criminals deserved death; but how dared Lieutenant-governor Hamilton, and an infamous Judge of his own making, take upon them to try them, and execute them without authority? I mentioned all the above circumstances to Judge Livius, and to Mr. Mank (the attorney-general;) they were very much surprised at such rash and unwarranted proceedings, and said Lieutenant-governor Hamilton and his Judge, Philip Dejean, were both liable to prosecuted for murder. I beg you make these things known in England, that we may be freed from usurpation, tyranny, and oppression.

I return you my most hearty and sincere thanks for your very polite and obliging behaviour to me since I first came to this town, and your interesting yourself in such a friendly manner in my behalf with his Excellency Sir

Guy Carleton, whereof I beg you may be assured that I shall always retain the most grateful sense; and am, with much truth and sincerity,

Dear Sir,

Your much obliged, and
most humble servant,

JOHN DODGE.

AN ALVED PUBLICATION

Special Notes

Special Notes

Special Notes

MURPHY

SERENA K. MURPHY

b. MAY 6, 1886

WIFE OF J. BELL MORAN

WILLIAM H. MURPHY m. LAURA HAYWARD

b. 1856 BANGOR, MAINE b. 1860 MAINE
d. 1929 DETROIT, MICHIGAN d. 1928 MICHIGAN

SIMON J. MURPHY m. ANN M. DORR

b. 1815 WINDSOR MAINE b. 1828 MAINE
d. 1905 DETROIT MICHIGAN d. 1903 DETROIT

EDMUND MURPHY m. ALICE JONES

b. 1787 MAINE b. 1790
d. 1860 MAINE d.

JAMES MURPHY m. ELIZABETH ENGLISH

b. circa 1740 IRELAND
d. " 1812 MAINE
came to new england circa 1760

CHARLES M. DORR m. ANN MORSE

b. 1799
d. 1866

WILLIAM DORR m. LUCINDA DAVIS

b. 1764 b. 1769
d. 1844 d. 1843

EBENEZER DORR m. ABIGAIL CUNNINGHAM

b. 1738 b. 1739
d. 1809 d. 1798

EBENEZER DORR m. AMY PLIMPTON

EBENEZER DORR m. MARY BOARDMAN

EBENEZER DORR m. ELIZABETH HAWLEY

CHARLES HAYWARD m. AMANDA LESLIE
b. 1812 MAINE b. 1821 MAINE
d. 1889 MAINE d. 1899

JOSHUA HAYWARD m. SUSANNAH PIERCE

MATTHEW HAYWARD

EDWARD HAYWARD

JOSEPH HAYWARD m. HANNAH MITCHELL

THOMAS HAYWARD m. EXPERIENCE MITCHELL
b. AYLSFORD, ENG. came to america on ship "HERCULES" 1635
came to america on ship "ANN" 1623

AMASA DAVIS m. SARAH WHITNEY
1744 - 1825
Q.M. Gen'l., 1786
JOSHUA DAVIS m. SARAH PIERPONT

ETHERIDGE

EMMA ETHERIDGE

b. AUG. 6 1850 TENNESSEE
d. OCT. 12 1917 DETROIT
MOTHER OF J. BELL MORAN

EMERSON ETHERIDGE m. FANNY NEWMAN BELL

b. 1819 N. CAROLINA b. 1830 TENNESSEE
d. 1901 TENNESSEE d. 1854 TENNESSEE

THOMAS ETHERIDGE m. ELIZABETH HARVEY

b. 1792 N. CAROLINA b. 1791
d. 1852 N. CAROLINA d. 1873

JAMES ETHERIDGE m. MARY WILLIAMS

WILLIS ETHERIDGE m. GRACE FANSHAW

BAPTIST MINISTER
N. CAROLINA SENATOR 1785

● JAMES ETHERIDGE

b. ENGLAND

DR. PAULASKI BOTTS BELL

b. 1793 VIRGINIA
d. 1862 TENNESSEE

m

SARAH LACY NAILING

b. VIRGINIA

MARY RUST

b. 1781
d. 1866

m

NELSON NAILING

b. 1765 VIRGINIA
d. 1852 TENNESSEE

JAMES RUST

m

MARY GRANTLY COX

● WILLIAM BELL VIRGINIA
m. FANNY NEWMAN VIRGINIA

● NELSON WILLIS NAILING
m. MARY LACY O'KELLY

● MARY DAVENPORT m. GEORGE COX

